

1914



The MORNING WATCH.

EDITED BY
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK: JAMES McKELVIE & SONS LTD.
EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO. LTD.
LONDON: THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, 57 & 59 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by the Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

1914.

Volume 27.

EDINBURGH & GLASGOW :

GREENOCK :

LONDON :

JOHN MENZIES & CO., LTD. JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS, LTD. THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

Contents.

Illustrations—

	Page		Page
Bee, The Raging	66	June, In	61
Buoy, -	86	Lamp, The last	21
Campbell, Mr James	91	Lion, Mr Wolhuter's	49
Canary, -	116	Looking Glass, The	25
Canary, The Dead	62	November's Offering, -	126
Cooking in Camp, -	143	Outing, Their first	81
Cossacks, -	128	"Out of the Mouth of Babes,"	121
Cottage, -	51	Ploughing, -	29
Crocus, -	19	"Primroses!"	43
Crows, -	26	Smug's Portrait, -	9
Currant Bush, -	104	"Snow! Snow!"	13
Dandelions, -	115, 117	"Soudan," Hospital Ship	137
Day Broke, "The	56	"Spare the Green!"	97
"Defraud Not,"	73	Spectacles, The Forgotten	140
"Different Points of View,"	85	Sugar Basin, The	77
Geese of the Capitol, -	125	Tail-pieces, -	14, 38, 74, 104
Goal, His first	1	Tunnel, A Japanese	7
Grant, Rev. A. D.	30	Wall, Garden	69
Hat, The Grand	37	War, In Times of	109
Ingathering, The	101	Woman, Old	133
July, In	79		

	Page		Page
Anniversaria, -	5	Japanese Tunnel, A	7
"Aquitania" Sabbath, -	38	Kaiser, The	110
Bible Circulation, -	134	Lamp, The Last	20
Black Watch, The	17	Lion, Mr Wolhuter's	53
Blunder, A Happy	80	My First Day, by Rev. A. D. Grant, -	32
"Bonnets for beauty,"	44	Names, Scripture Proper	26
Bowers, Lieut. H. R. (<i>with Autograph</i>),	78	"Next but Two to the Queen,"	9
Cameron's Prayer, Richard	98	Nisi Dominus Frustra, -	38
Campbell, Mr James	90	"Room to Let,"	41
Canary, The Dead	62	Sea Story, A	118
"Clothed with the Slain,"	110	Selah the Canary, -	114
Cock Crew, The	74	"Shine,"	86
Cossacks, -	127	Snow, -	14
Councils of War, -	129	Soldiers, Dead	138
Covenant with God, A	90	"Tel ut mur,"	41
Currant Bush, The	105	"Three R's of War,"	7
Dandelions, -	116	Treaties, National	106
Goals, Two Great	2	Vambéry, Arminius	9
Grant, Rev. A. D.	31	War, The	113, 123
Humiliation, Need of	141	Word is nigh thee, The	88

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from Vol. 26.)

	Page		Page
Seventy-eighth, - - - - -	3	Eighty-fifth, - - - - -	88, 99, 110, 123
Seventy-ninth, - - - - -	4	Eighty-sixth, - - - - -	100, 112, 123
Eightieth, - - - - -	4, 15, 27, 39, 52	Eighty-seventh, - - - - -	124
Eighty-first, - - - - -	40	Eighty-eighth, - - - - -	134
Eighty-second, - - - - -	40, 52, 63	Eighty-ninth, - - - - -	135
Eighty-third, - - - - -	63, 75	Ninetieth, - - - - -	135
Eighty-fourth, - - - - -	75, 87		

Stories.

Bee, The Raging - - - - -	65	Wall, The Unused - - - - -	68
Crows, Mrs Bardsley's - - - - -	50	Weigh thy Words, - - - - -	57

Rhymes.

The Crocus, - - - - -	19
How many Angels are there? - - - - -	102

Short Sayings, Incidents, &c., Illustrative of Texts,

will be found on pages 12, 24, 36, 48, 60, 72, 84, 96, 108, 120, 132, 144.

REASONS FOR NOT GOING TO CHURCH: 16th Series.

1.—“Going the Sabbath after next,” - - - - -	11
2.—The “Clothes” Difficulty, - - - - -	23
3.—Consideration for “Chaucer” and “Cyrus,” - - - - -	35
4.—A Poor Deacon nodded to her, - - - - -	47
5.—“Overheard Two Members discussing her Age,” - - - - -	59
6.—Went to see the “Aquitania,” - - - - -	71
7.—“Can’t stand Hypocrisy,” - - - - -	83
8.—“Window won’t Snib,” - - - - -	95
9.—No reason strong enough THIS MONTH, - - - - -	107
10.—In the Trenches, - - - - -	119
11.—The Sentry’s: Standing at Prayer, - - - - -	131
12.—“Likes Breakfast in Bed,” - - - - -	144

The Morning Watch.

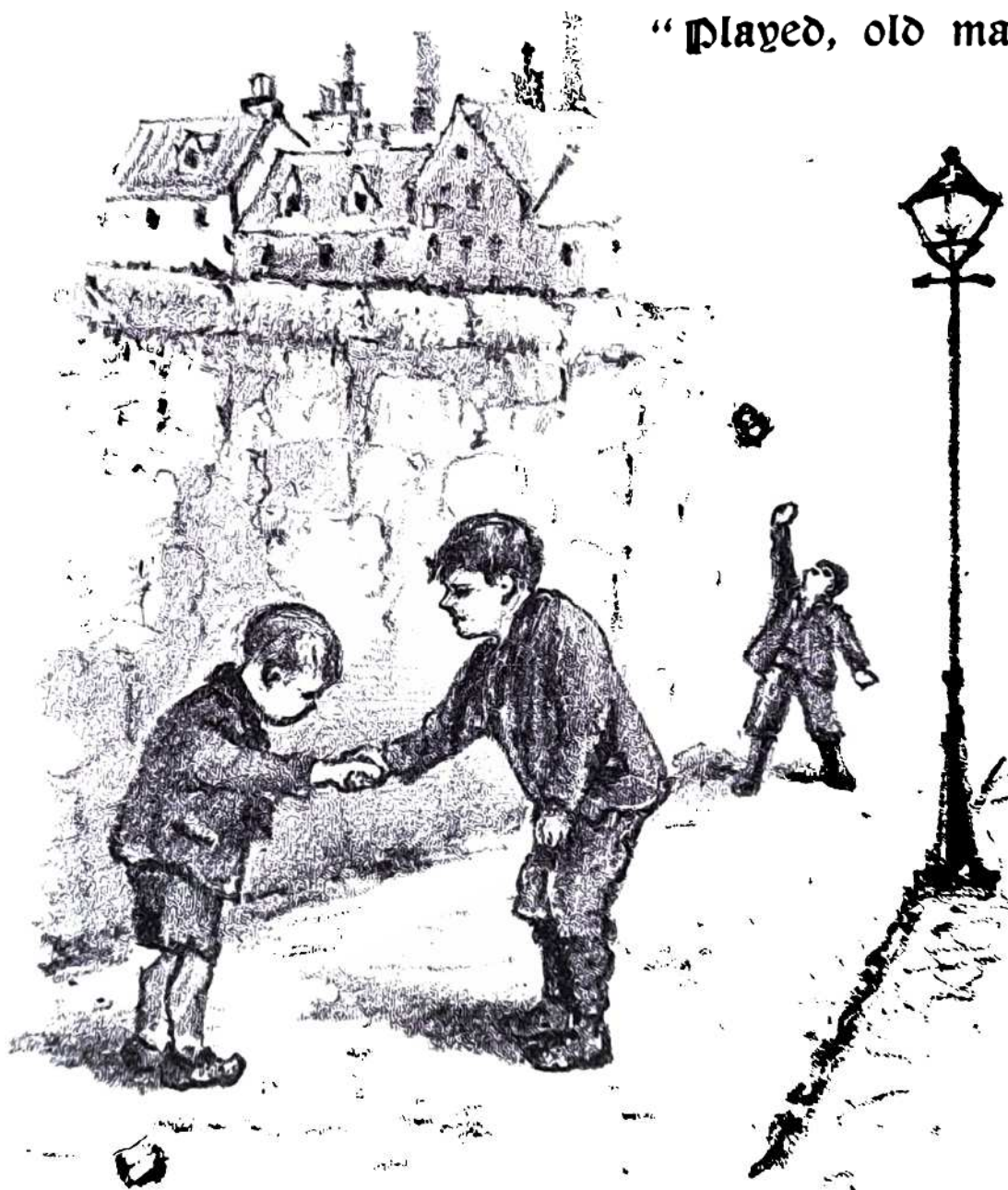
VOL. 27.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 1.

His First Goal.

"Played, old man!"



*"God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun,
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on!"*

NOW READY.

The Morning Watch Volume for 1913.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

*Volumes 1 to 15, 1888-1892, are out of print,
but Volumes 16 to 25, 1903-1912, may still be had.*

*Greenock: James M'Keivie & Sons, Ltd.
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.
London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

Two Great Goals.

AN old man told me the other day that when he was a very little boy at school, and was playing his first "sbinty" match, he happened to give the ball the little touch that sent it through the goal. Owing to the way the others were standing, the only one besides himself who saw who it was that gave the winning stroke was a big boy on his own side who said nothing but only scowled at him. His elation, though it was "tremendous" while it lasted, continued little more than three moments; the disappointment he felt at getting no glory he feels in measure still! "There was a little city and there was found in it a poor, wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man."

Not so was it with little Hughie Lumsden, who kicked his first goal, in what he would have called a real match, on New Year's day two years ago. The ball was made of paper tied with string, and the goal was the space between a wall and a lamp-post. But it was a real match all

the same, and when, after his side had "equalised" as the reporters say, Hughie sent the ball high over the goalkeeper's head, the other boys all rushed forward in turn and shook hands with him, and said, as they had heard the players in big games always did, "Well played, old man!" And Hughie's face was "suffused" with blushes like the sky with the rosy dawn—I think that is the way some of the ancients would have put it—for it was a great moment and a great day to him, and if he is spared, he will remember it "twenty, and thirty, and forty years on."

But there was a still better goal got that day. Hughie's father, though not what we call a drunkard, was on the way to being one. The public-houses were, happily, shut that day, but just as he had made up his mind to call on some people who he knew would tempt him, he came along the street where his little son was playing. Two men who were passing were laughing at the clever way Hughie had kicked the goal. "If that wee chap keeps straight we may live to see him an international," said one of them. "Ay, and something a great deal higher and better than that," said the other. And Hughie's father heard them, and there and then by God's grace made up his mind to be a worthy father to a boy with such a future.

Talk about congratulations! You should have seen how a lot of the Angels rejoiced over both these goals, and they talk about them, I do honestly believe, to this day!

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from Vol. 26, page 136).

O God, Thou hast taught me from my youth ; and hitherto have I declared Thy wondrous works. Yea, even when I am old and greyheaded, O God, forsake me not ; until I have declared Thy strength unto the next generation, Thy might to every one that is to come.—Psalm 71, 17-18, R.V.

(Volume 22, 1909, contained Birthdays 1st to 13th ; Volume 23, 1910, Birthdays 13th to 28th ; Volume 24, 1911, Birthdays 28th to 47th ; Volume 25, Birthdays 47th to 64th ; and Volume 26, Birthdays 64th to 78th).

This year, if all is well, I hope to go on telling you some of the things that people have said or done on their Birthdays, or that have been done or said by others for them or about them.

78th
Birth-
day.

On 29th May, 1888, Dr. Andrew Bonar wrote in his diary : " My birthday. It came upon me with great awe, the thought that I have been now seventy-eight years in the world, and am now near the world to come. When I look round it is like a battlefield ; many old friends gone ; and then I see brethren like men wounded in the fight."

On the same day the year after, thinking specially of the time when he began to be assured that he had taken hold of Christ, he wrote : " The Lord has enabled me to lean upon Christ day by day, for sixty years, or rather fifty-nine. He took hold of me that year (1830), and has never once left me in darkness as to my interest in Him all that time. I have been meditating upon His marvellous grace ; and I see it in this light, viz : He promised that day I found Him that I would have rest in Himself always as I went along, and then nothing less than a whole eternity of blessedness. All this for accepting the Gift of Christ." These last eight words are a great sentence. You should learn them off by heart : "*All this for accepting the Gift of Christ.*"

When the late Dr. James MacGregor of Edinburgh reached his 39th birthday, 11th July, 1868, he said, " I am a good way past the summit level of life. Road henceforth all downhill. I give thanks to God that He has spared my life so long, and ask his forgiveness for its manifold sins and shortcomings, and pray Him for grace to give my future time unreservedly to Him." When George Watts, the great painter, was just twice that age, he wrote to a friend : " I think I am quite accurate in telling you that I saw the sun rise every day last summer. I am 78 now, and I hope still to do my best work."

Mrs. Hetty Green, a Quakeress, said to be the richest woman in America, a great financier—that is, one who knows all about investments and stocks and shares—celebrated her 78th birthday on the 25th of last November by going to her office in New York an hour earlier than usual, " just to make herself forget how old she was." She declined

78th
Birth
day.

to talk about the money market to the reporters who crowded round her, but told them that the way to live long was to "have a good clear conscience, no worries, and to trust in God. Most people," she added, "eat too much and work too little." She told them further that she did her own shopping and got 100 cents' worth for every dollar she spent.

79th.

"News has just reached me, January, 1888," writes G. R. Elsmie, C.S.I., in his *Thirty-five Years in the Punjab, 1858-1893*, "of the death of Sir Robert Montgomery, a distinguished North of Ireland man for whom Lord Lawrence had a great love and admiration. During his later years he made notes on his birthdays. On 12th December, 1887, sixteen days before he died, he wrote: 'This is my 79th birthday. I have arrived at a great age. God's goodness and mercies have been continued to me. . . . I wish to express most truly and earnestly my sense of my utter unworthiness.'" But for Sir Robert, they say, the Punjab might have been lost, and with it India, at the beginning of the Great Mutiny.

In March, 1889, the present German Emperor dismissed Prince Bismarck from his Chancellorship, conferring upon him at the same time a title and other honours, "giving me," as the Prince put it, "a first-class funeral." Five years afterwards, 1st April, 1894, on his 79th birthday, he received from the Emperor a magnificent steel cuirass with this message: "May the solid steel that is to cover your breast be regarded as the symbol of German gratitude, which enfolds you with its steadfast loyalty, to which I too desire to add eloquent expression." "I shall don the new breast-plate," was Bismarck's answer, "as a symbol of your Majesty's gracious favour, and leave it to my children as a lasting memento thereof."

"After February 24th, 1791, I entered into my 80th year. Some, but few, attain to fourscore years, and they are said to be but labour and sorrow. But O! what a wonder of mercy it is that I am still as capable to discharge all parts of my ministry as ever—praise to His great name. May I be helped to hold on, and be faithful in discharge of this important trust e'en to the death. Amen."—*From the Diary of the Rev. John Mill, 1712-1803, Minister in Shetland.*

Phillips Brooks, an American Preacher and Orator, wrote from Switzerland, 18th August, 1892, to Dr. Clark, a brother minister: "Are you 80 after all? Is it not a mistake and a fraud? Are you quite sure? As to your legs you must not worry yourself about them; they are not what interests your friends. It is not your walk but your conversation which we value. We shall carry you in our arms so that your feet shall not touch the rough coarse earth, if you will only stay with us, and brighten, and enlighten, and console, and strengthen, and amuse. You will, won't you?"

80th
Birth-
day.

"The recuperative powers of eighty are—*nil*!" So wrote Miss Frances Power Cobbe, in the preface to her *Autobiography*. That sentence just means that when one is eighty one has no strength to fall back on.

Anniversaria.

WILLIAM THOMAS, M.A., of Brasenose College, Oxford, was minister of Ubleigh, Somersetshire, from about 1625 to 1667. He was one of the brave and good men who refused to obey King Charles I. and Archbishop Laud when they ordered all ministers to read to their people *The Book of Sports*, a Declaration issued by King James I. in 1618, which allowed all persons who had been at the Parish Church on the Sabbath morning to take part in such games as archery, vaulting, etc., in the afternoon. Mr. Thomas was also one of the 1900 ministers who were put out of their churches on Bartholomew-day, August 24, 1667, because they refused to assent to everything in the English Church Revised Book of Common Prayer, and declined to swear "that it was not lawful on any pretence whatever to take up arms against the king." Mr. Thomas was therefore one whom all who love and admire such men as the Scottish Covenanters should keep in honour.

We are told of him that he was very careful in keeping up communion with God and acquaintance with his own heart. "In order thereto it was his usual way to set down upon loose papers such things as were most affecting to him, which he reviewed once a year, that he might the better see what he had done, what he had received, and what was wanting in or for himself."

He kept a number of little books which he called by the Latin name *Anniversaria*, that is, things to be gone over every year, and in them he wrote down what he wished to remember, under these four heads:

1. Σφάλματα, *Sphalmāta*, that is, Faults or False steps. (The oddly shaped letter ϕ stands for *ph*; it is the letter that occurs twice in the Greek word from which we take our word "philosophy." I hope some of you have made up your minds to be Greek scholars).

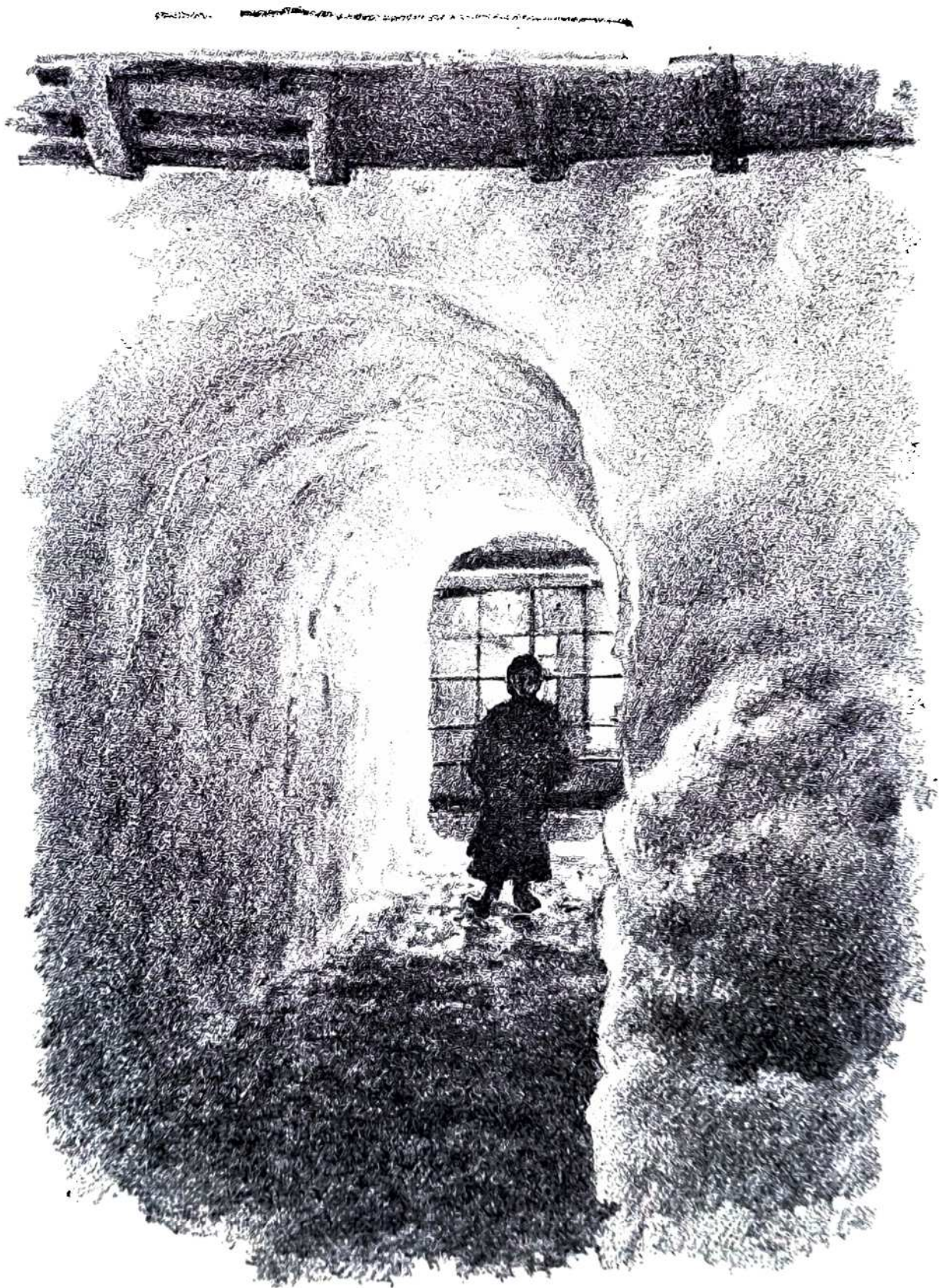
2. *Preces Auditae*, Prayers that have been heard.

3. *Preces pro futuro*, Prayers for time to come.

4. *Vota*, that is, Vows.

It is a good thing to keep a note of the memorable things that happen to us, such as strange coincidences and unexpected blessings. I knew a man who kept a part of his diary for "Delightful Surprises," and he told me it was wonderful how they "mounted up." The way to get Providences, said an old Cameronian woman once, is to observe them, just as we say the way to get letters is to answer them.

But if any of you write down your *Faults*, keep this in mind, that however many you remember, those that you have forgotten or have never noticed, far outnumber them. And if our sins are more than can be reckoned, still more so are God's mercies and God's answers to our prayers, though we little think it.



A Japanese Tunnel.

In time of snow.—2 Sam. 23, 20.

JAPAN used to be famous for one tunnel in particular. Forty years or so ago—I don't know whether it is a true story or not, but all travellers in the East were told it, and they all repeated it—when the first railway was being made in their country, the Japanese were greatly put about because there was not to be any tunnel on the line, and all the great railways in Europe and America had tunnels. Instead therefore of taking the shortest road between two towns, they went round-about out of their way till they came to a hill, and so got their tunnel at last!

Which thing is a parable if you can read it aright.

The tunnel in the picture is copied, by kind permission, from *Missionary Joys in Japan* (Morgan & Scott, Ltd., 7/6 net), written by Mr. Paget Wilkes, B.A., sometime Exhibitioner of Lincoln College, Oxford. It is a winter scene in the town of Takata. The snow there often lies 15 feet deep in the streets. The roads, in fact, are one solid compact mass of snow. The only way of walking along the street is to go under the roofed verandahs on each side, but if you wish to cross the street, you must go on till you find one of the tunnels that are dug out at fixed intervals.

Mr. Wilkes tells us that in a town a friend of his visited, a Japanese servant girl, so hideously deformed that no one could look at her without shuddering, came out at night and sat in the shadow to hear the gospel;

and she took hold of Christ, and she who had been rebellious and passionate became gentle and happy and sweet.

That also is a parable. Things and people are not always as cold and dead and hopeless as they seem.

— ❦ —

*And he said, Take the arrows.
... Smite upon the ground.
And he smote thrice and stayed.
And the man of God was wroth
with him, and said, Thou
shouldest have smitten five or
six times. 2 Kings 13, 18.
So fight I. 1 Cor. 9, 26.*

MR. A. G. GARDNER, in his *Pillars of Society*, says that Lord Fisher, the man who has revolutionised the British Navy, believes in the "Three R's of war"—"Ruthless, Relentless, Remorseless," and the "Three H's of gunnery"—"Hit first, hit hard, keep on hitting."

To the same effect writes Mr. Roosevelt, late President of the United States, in his book on Lions. "The hunter," he says, "should never go near a lion till it is dead, and even when it is on the point of death he should not stand near nor approach its head from in front; for a lion at its last gasp will summon all its energies for one final attack, flinging itself on the man who has thus incautiously approached it, especially if it can see him, and spending its last moments in biting him."

That is the way we should deal with sin. "Spare no arrows," said Jeremiah, speaking by the word of the Lord, Jer. 50, 24. And that was one of John Knox's favourite mottoes.



"I declare, Smag, here is a picture of you!"
"Surely I'm not as plainlooking as that."

"Next but Two to the Queen."

ON September 14th, last year, there died at Budapest, aged 81, Arminius Vambéry, professor of Oriental Languages in the University of that city. He was a Hungarian Jew, a great linguist and traveller. In his boyhood and youth, in his search after knowledge, he suffered labour and travail, and sleepless nights, hunger and thirst and fastings, cold and nakedness, willing to do a morning's teaching for a cup of coffee and two little rolls when he could have eaten six. In his early manhood he travelled through Persia and Central Asia, disguised as a dervish, and lived in constant hourly expectation of death for months on end.

When he had won fame he was surprised one day, in 1889, in London, to receive through the Lord Steward the Queen's command to come to Windsor Castle, "to dine on Monday, the 6th May, and to remain until the following day." He was naturally greatly pleased, giving the story in his *Autobiography* in full detail, printing a copy of the Lord Steward's Invitation and the telegram that preceded it, and telling us all his feelings and emotions and experiences. "If some one had told me," he says, "in the days gone by that I who was then living in the poorest circumstances, and even suffering hunger, should one day be the honoured guest of the Queen of England and the Empress of India at Windsor, that men in high position would lead me through the ancient halls, show me the royal

treasures, and that I should sit next but two to the Queen at table, I should in spite of my lively imagination have thought him a fool and have laughed in his face."

Now the Queen did well; she did what she could, and far more probably than any of us would have done. It can't be all pleasure to have to dine with strangers, however distinguished, every day, year after year. But let us think for a moment what the King of kings does to the man whom He delights to honour. Think what He did to the disciple whom He loved, a fisherman from Galilee. Christ not only made him sit at table with Him, and sit next to Him, but pressed Him to His heart, as if He wished John to have a taste of the love and joy He Himself had felt in "the bosom of the Father."

Professor Huxley tells us in one of his letters that an invitation to him, when he was once asked to visit a house, to bring with him any friend he wished, was "the most touching mark of confidence he ever received." Professor Vambéry was asked alone to Windsor. But when the King of Glory bids us come, He bids us bring with us not only one, but many; not only our rich neighbours but our poor friends—our halt, our maimed, our withered ones, and even the strangers within our gates, and outcasts from the highways and the hedges. He cannot bear to see an empty seat at His full table, "and yet there is room."

And when we have constrained them to come in—poor, wretched, miserable, blind, and naked—He

not only gives them fine linen and wedding garments, but He washes their feet, and anoints their eyes, and heals all their painful diseases.

And the invitation is not "to remain until the following day," but "to be for ever with the Lord."

And He not only sends messenger after messenger to us, but He comes Himself. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock. If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with Me." But even that is not all. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne."

So sad and poor were the surroundings of Vambéry's childhood that he did not know the date of his birth. And that led to another curious experience at Windsor. Sir Henry Ponsonby brought him, according to the custom of the Court, the Royal Birthday Book, and asked him to enter his name, with the day and year of his birth. "It was a noble company," he says,

"in whose ranks my name was to figure, for the book was full of signatures of crowned heads, princes, great artists, learned men, and noted soldiers. The uncertainty of my date occurred to me. Sir Henry Ponsonby asked me with a pleasant smile the reason of my embarrassment. 'Sir,' I said, 'I do not know the exact date of my birth, and I should not like to write a lie in the Royal Book.'"

Now, think once more of what our Lord did to John. God has a Book, and not only was John's name written in it, but John was asked himself to write five books in that Book, and two of these are amongst the greatest of all the books that have been written.

Lastly, think of this. Christ not only writes upon those "that overcome" the Name of His God, and the name of the city of His God, and His Own new Name, but He graves their names upon the palms of His hands!

That is what He is now offering to do to you and me.

Reasons for not going to Church. 16th Series.—No. 1.

This man is not going to Church on Sabbath because—though he doesn't want to make a promise, for he thinks it far better not to make a promise than to make one and then not keep it, the way so many do—because he is thinking of going the Sabbath after next. But "the Sabbath after next"—to judge by this man's history for four years now—is like "to-morrow;" it NEVER COMES.



1	TH	MY DAYS ARE SWIFTER THAN A WEAVER'S SHUTTLE.— <i>Job 7, 6.</i>
2	F	My days are swifter than a post (a runner).— <i>Job 9, 25.</i>
3	S	They flee away. "One of my mother's delights was to learn from me scraps of Horace, and then bring them into her conversation with 'colleged' men. 'Ay, it's true, Doctor, but as you know, <i>Eheu jugāces, Postūme, Postūme, labuntur anni</i> , Ah Postumus, Postumus, swift pass the years'."— <i>Barrie.</i>
4	S	If any man open the door, I will sup with him.— <i>Lev. 3, 20.</i>
5	M	They did eat bread after that the Lord had given thanks.— <i>John 6, 23.</i>
6	TU	When they had dined, Jesus saith, Lovest thou Me?— <i>John 21, 15.</i>
7	W	Thou preparest a table before me.— <i>Psa. 23, 5.</i>
8	TH	Man did eat angels' food.— <i>Psa. 78, 25.</i>
9	F	A virtuous woman bringeth her food from afar.— <i>Prov. 31, 14.</i> "Good French cooking consists chiefly of patience and care, neither of which costs much." . . . "When one has enjoyed a meal, one should congratulate the cook; a cook, like all artists, appreciates a compliment."— <i>M. Forest: Le Catechisme de la Table.</i>
10	S	They did eat their food with gladness . . . praising God.— <i>Acts 2, 46. R.V.</i>
11	S	God is not a God of confusion.— <i>1 Cor. 14, 33.</i>
12	M	He calleth the stars all by name; not one is lacking.— <i>Is. 40, 26. R.V.</i>
13	TU	The napkin wrapped together in a place by itself.— <i>John 20, 7.</i>
14	W	Joying and beholding your order.— <i>Col. 2, 5.</i>
15	TH	A large upper room furnished and ready.— <i>Mark 14, 15.</i>
16	F	That faithful and wise steward.— <i>Luke 12, 42.</i> "Among the hundreds of cases put on board the <i>Fram</i> by Nilsen and his assistant there was not one that was misplaced, not one that was stored so that it could not instantly be brought into the light of day."— <i>Captain Amundsen's Antarctic Voyage.</i>
17	S	Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die and not live.— <i>Is. 38, 1.</i>
18	S	Underneath are the everlasting arms.— <i>Deut. 33, 27.</i>
19	M	He bare them, and carried them all the days of old.— <i>Is. 63, 9.</i>
20	TU	Blessed be the Lord, Who daily beareth our burden.— <i>Psa. 68, 19. R.V.</i>
21	W	Even to hoar hairs will I carry you.— <i>Psa. 46, 4; and 40, 11.</i>
22	TH	They withdrew the shoulder.— <i>Gen. 9, 29.</i>
23	F	We that are strong.— <i>Rom. 15, 1.</i> (What do we get our strength for?)
24	S	Take My yoke.— <i>Matt. 11, 29.</i> "The great-grandfather of Sir W. Arrol the famous bridge-builder, a Highlander who fought for Prince Charlie in 1745, escaping to Renfrewshire worked as a miner in Quarrelston Pits, and used to carry some tired-out pit-boy home after his spell of work was done."— <i>Sir W. Arrol by Sir R. Purvis.</i>
25	S	Judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come;
26	M	And then shall each man have his praise from God.— <i>1 Cor. 4, 5. R.V.</i>
27	TU	Doing nothing through vain glory. "Any attempt to race against Amundsen must have wrecked my plan; besides which it doesn't appear the sort of thing one is out for. . . . It is the work that counts, not the applause that follows."— <i>The late Captain Scott writing home, Oct., 1911.</i>
28	W	In lowliness of mind each esteeming other better than himself;
29	TH	Not looking each of you to his own things,
30	F	But each of you to the things of others.
31	S	Have this mind in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.— <i>Phil. 2, 3. R.V.</i>

February, 1914.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. 27.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 2.



*"Snaw ! Snaw ! flee awa'
O'er the hills and far awa' !"*

—Old Scotch Rhyme.

NOW READY.

The Morning Watch Volume for 1913.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

*Volumes 1 to 15, 1888-1892, are out of print,
but Volumes 16 to 25, 1903-1912, may still be had.*

*Greenock: James M'Keivie & Sons, Ltd.
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.
London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

"Snow! Snow!

*Hast thou entered into the treasures
of the snow?—Job 38, 22. R.V.*

THE SNOW is a treasury of wisdom. The chemist and the man who works with the microscope tell us about the wondrous shape and beauty of its crystals.

It is a treasury of beauty. "I doubt," says Ruskin, "if any object in the range of inorganic nature can be found more perfectly beautiful than a fresh, deep snow drift, seen under warm light. Its curves are of inconceivable perfection and changefulness; its surface and transparency alike exquisite; its light and shade of inexhaustible variety and inimitable finish, the shadows sharp, pale, and of heavenly colour, the reflected lights intense and multitudinous."

It is a treasury of purity and love, as if God wished us to see what cleanness and whiteness really are, and wished us also to see how willing He is to hide from all eyes what is black and base and vile.

It is a treasury of peace. When snow falls, says Mr. Lowell, "it is as if the great silence up there were filtering down upon us flake by flake."

It is a treasury of joy to little children. Here is something they can chase, and catch, and gather up, and throw, something that explodes and makes a mark when it hits the target! What a bundle of contradictions a snow-ball is! It is vapour made visible, liquid made solid, something a child can throw at its father and make him happy with a blow that leaves no sting.

And it is a treasury of wrath, at times, which God has reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war. You know it was the snow—it came a few days earlier than it had ever been known before—that made the retreat from Moscow of Napoleon's mighty army one of the most disastrous events in all history.

While these children in the picture are welcoming the snow, let us think solemnly of the many many thousands in Japan on whom, two weeks ago, the volcano of Sakurashima was raining red-hot boulders, fiery ashes, suffocating dust. "With my spirit within me will I seek Thee early, for when Thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world learn righteousness."



Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 5.)

80th
Birth-
day.

"31 October, 1700. My birthday, now completed the 80th year of my age. I with my soul render thanks to God, Who, of His infinite mercy, not only brought me out of many troubles, but this year restored me to health, after an ague and other infirmities of so great an age, my sight, hearing, and other senses and faculties tolerable, which I implore Him to continue, with the pardon of my sins past, and grace to acknowledge by my improvement of His goodness the ensuing year, if it be His pleasure to protract my life, that I may be the better prepared for my last day, through the infinite merits of my blessed Saviour, the Lord Jesus. Amen."—*Diary of John Evelyn*. He died in 1706.

"Thank God, I am quite well," wrote Earl Russell on his 80th birthday, 19th August, 1872, "but at my age life is very uncertain, and a little shake may break the machine to pieces." He died in 1878.

On his 80th birthday, December 4, 1875, Thomas Carlyle wrote to his brother: "There has been this morning a complete whirlwind of birthday gifts and congratulations about the poor arrival of my eightieth and probably last 4th of December. Prince Bismarck, you will observe, thinks it is my seventieth birthday, which is enough to quench any vanity one might have on a missive from such a man; but I own to being truly pleased with the word or two he says about Frederick the Great, which seems to me a valuable memorial and certificate of the pains I took in the matter, not unwelcome in the circumstances."

To Mr. Froude he described the day as "the birthday of a skinless old man, a day of the most miserable agitation he could recollect in his life." The "barrowful of letters," and the crowd of other events, including the handing in at his door of a gold medal bearing his portrait, and an address signed by a hundred and nineteen of the foremost scholars, literary men, and professors of the country, were "mere fret and fuss" to him, "intrinsically of no value at all, at least till we had time to recognise, from the distance, that kindness and goodwill had been at the heart of every part of it." "They say I am a great man now, but not one of them believes my report; not one of them will do what I have bidden them do."

On his 80th birthday, in 1882, Victor Hugo, a great French Author, was presented with a bronze miniature of Michael Angelo's figure of Moses. In acknowledging the gift, in presence of 5,000 people, he said: "I accept your present, and I await a still better one, the greatest a man can receive—I mean death."

80th
Birth-
day.

Dr. James Martineau, an English philosophical writer, in answering a letter Mr. Allingham the poet had sent him to wish him well on his 80th birthday, 21st April, 1885, said: "The willingness of men to treat the completion of fourscore years as a subject of congratulation, and the further willingness of the octogenarian to accept a few more, appear to me a curious and significant comment on the modern pessimist's question, *"Is life worth living?"*"

Shortly after Mr. W. H. Mallock published his book with that title—a book much talked of for a time—two lines, which appeared in one of the unsuccessful poems sent in for the Newdigate Poetry Prize at Cambridge University, were much admired:

"‘Is life worth living?’ Yes, if truth be true,
Life is worth living, death worth dying too."

One of the things that pleased Tennyson most when he closed his 80th year was a letter from his old friend and rival, Robert Browning. "5th August, 1889. My dear Tennyson—To-morrow is your birthday—indeed a memorable one. Let me say I associate myself with the universal pride of our country in your glory, and in its hope that for many and many a year we may have your very self among us—secure that your poetry will be a wonder and delight to all those appointed to come after. And for my own part, let me further say, I have loved you dearly. May God bless you and yours. . . . At no moment from first to last of my acquaintance with your works, or friendship with yourself, have I had any other feeling expressed or kept silent than this, which an opportunity allows me to utter, that I am and ever shall be, my dear Tennyson, admiringly and affectionately yours, Robert Browning."

The same day the Princess Frederica, daughter of one of Queen Victoria's cousins, sent the poet a bouquet of 80 roses. In the afternoon Tennyson himself planted a blue Colorado pine in his garden. He was much touched by the kindness shown him on all sides, and said: "I don't know what I have done to make people feel like that toward me, except that I have always kept up my faith in Immortality."

Browning died the following December, and Tennyson in 1892.

On his last birthday, 1 Jan., 1906, Principal Rainy wrote to a friend: "I suppose there must be as many people born on the 1st January as on any other day, but I have always felt the day to be a distinction. . . . As to future New Year days they must be few for me, or they may be none. . . . Have you heard of Dr. Frew of Stirling? He is ninety-three and preached the other day on the text, 'How old art thou?' He said he had found an old sermon on this text, but it proved of no use, and he wrote a new one. The old one was dated 1847. That is an old man worth speaking about."

Dr. Rainy wrote also to Dr. Alexander Maclaren of Manchester with whom he had been a schoolfellow. "I hear that you have completed or are just completing your eightieth year. As I com-

80th
Birth-
day.

pleted mine on the first of this month, I send you a word of cheer at this advanced stage of the voyage. I hope that, like myself, you have still a good measure of bodily health and comfort. And I pray that you may prove, with clearness and gladness on to the end, that good and acceptable and perfect will of God. My dear wife was taken, after forty-five years of happy fellowship, on the 30th of September. We had begun to talk of our golden wedding in 1907; but God has ordered it otherwise, and no doubt it is well. I have great rest in remembrance of her."

To the Rev. Dr. Charles Watson of Largs he wrote: "I hear indeed that you do not get any younger: strange to say that is my experience too. But we may have a humble hope that the best kind of youth awaits us in another country. The Lord grant it in His wonderful mercy."

"The Black Watch."

The Royal Cypher within the Garter. The badge and motto of the Order of the Thistle. In each of the four corners the Royal Cypher ensigned with the Imperial Crown.

The Sphinx, superscribed "Egypt."

"Guadaloupe, 1759," "Martinique, 1762," "Havannah," "Mysore," "Mangalore," "Seringapatam," "Corunna," "Busaco," "Fuentes d'Onor," "Pyrenees," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Orthes," "Toulouse," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "South Africa, 1846-7, 1851-2-3," "Alma," "Sevastopol," "Lucknow," "Ashantee," "Egypt, 1882, 1884," "Tel-el-Kebir," "Nile, 1884-85," "Kerbakan," "South Africa, 1899-1902," "Paardeberg."

IN every Infantry Regiment of the British Army the Colours, or Flag, or Ensign, are made of silk, 3 feet 9 inches by 3 feet, fringed with gold, and have crimson and gold cords and tassels, on a staff 8 feet 7 inches long. They are carried on parade by the two junior sub-lieutenants (formerly called ensigns), and guarded by two sergeants and two men, who form what is called the 'colour party,' but they are no longer taken into battle; they make, it has been found out, too good a

mark for the enemy.

On the flag are put the name, crest, and motto of the regiment, with the campaigns and battles in which it has taken part. The lines printed above give us a list of the things that are on the flag of the 42nd Highlanders, the famous "Black Watch," so called from the dark colour of the tartan uniform which distinguished them from the "red soldiers" of the rest of the army.

One would have thought that a

regiment with such a record would have been content. Not so. Some searcher into the past found out that the Black Watch, and another regiment with an even longer list of honours on its banner—a list of 40 battles and campaigns—the King's Royal Rifle Corps, had taken part in long and trying operations against the Red Indians. One place, for example, Fort Detroit, between Lakes Huron and Erie, stood a siege of 15 months. Yet none of these things had been put to either regiment's credit. A few weeks ago, however, the matter was put right, and now to both their flags, in its proper place, the words have been added, "North America, 1763-1764." A battle, much more a campaign, means too much to be forgotten.

There is a curious passage in the 21st of Numbers, translated thus in the Revised Version: "Wherefore it is said in the book of the Wars of the Lord,

Vaheb in Suphah,
And the valleys of Arnon,
And the slope of the valleys
That inclineth toward the
dwelling of Ar,
And leaneth upon the border
of Moab.

These words seem hardly worth either printing or reading; they seem just like the scrap of a leaf torn out of some old book of geography. Yet every line is full of history, both human and divine, and the details of every event referred to are written out at full length in the books of God's accomplished decrees. Some of God's books, full of writing within and on

the back, are still sealed with seven seals. But when He looses a seal, or opens even one page, we should read it, and keep it open, and give it to others to read too.

Remember, too, that the decisive battles of the world are not necessarily big ones. A fight like that at Drumclog, 11th June, 1679, was so small a one that those who refer to it do so only in a little foot note, and call it but a skirmish—for the Covenanters who defeated Claverhouse that day were fewer in number than Gideon's 300—and yet a little fight like that may touch a nation's heart and change the whole world's history.

Every man's life is eternally and infinitely important both to himself and to God. At every one of us, and at the struggles we daily have to face, devils and an innumerable host of Angels are continually looking on. And they that be for us are more than they that be against us.

Sometimes at a railway station, when you are waiting for a train, you should look at the big maps on the walls and the names on the time-tables, and think of the numbers of people that there are in our country, and how they are all fighting for God or against God, and God is fighting for or against them. They lie down and rest, some part of the time at least, for God is kind even to His enemies. But night and day there is never a moment's rest for Him. He that keeps Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps.

You should sometimes think of that when you waken through the night.

The Crocus.

And Pharaoh was wroth against the chief of the butlers. And he put him in ward, into the prison. And the chief butler dreamed . . . and he told his dream to Joseph. And Joseph said unto him, This is the interpretation of it: Within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thine head; and thou shalt deliver Pharaoh's cup into his hand after the former manner when thou wast his butler.—Gen. 40.

Crocus! that many moons hast
spent

In darkness underground,
Resembling in thy banishment
The Butler Pharaoh bound,

Thy head once more is lifted up,
Thou stand'st before the King,
Filling once more thy golden cup
With wine of thanksgiving.

I too have dreamed that after death
I'll take the cup anew,
(The Joseph that interpreteth—
The Faithful is and True!)



And He will fill it to the brim,
And make it overflow;
He'll sup with me, and I with Him;
I no more out shall go.

The Last Lamp.

IF one were to say to that Lamp-post, "Who are you? What are you doing here? Why should you have your portrait in a book?" the Lamp-post, if it could speak, would reply, not proudly but very modestly, "I live in Invercargill, New Zealand, and I am the most Southern Gas Lamp in the whole World." At least that is what is said about it on the picture post-card, sent me by a friend, from which the illustration is copied.

I suppose that is one of the sights that all visitors to Invercargill will go to see, and they will look at it, and walk round it, and touch it solemnly with their hands, and say to their friends, "Ay! ay! and do you tell me that is the most Southern, etc., etc.?" And they will try to have the fitting emotion, and to put on the most becoming look. And when they come home and people ask them what they think of New Zealand, they will say to us proudly, "Do you know that at a place called Invercargill I touched 'etc., etc.,' and we shall reply, "Do you really say so?"

For to admire and for to see,
For to be old this world so wide—
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried!

So there is a certain curious elation in standing on the top of Ben Nevis in Scotland, and saying, "I am nearer the sky than any other body in Great Britain at the present moment; or in standing on the most westerly point in Ireland, or most easterly in England, and saying, "I am nearer America," or "nearer

Jerusalem than any other of my countrymen!"

It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried!

Yet such a thing should do us good, for it sets us thinking and stimulates our imagination.

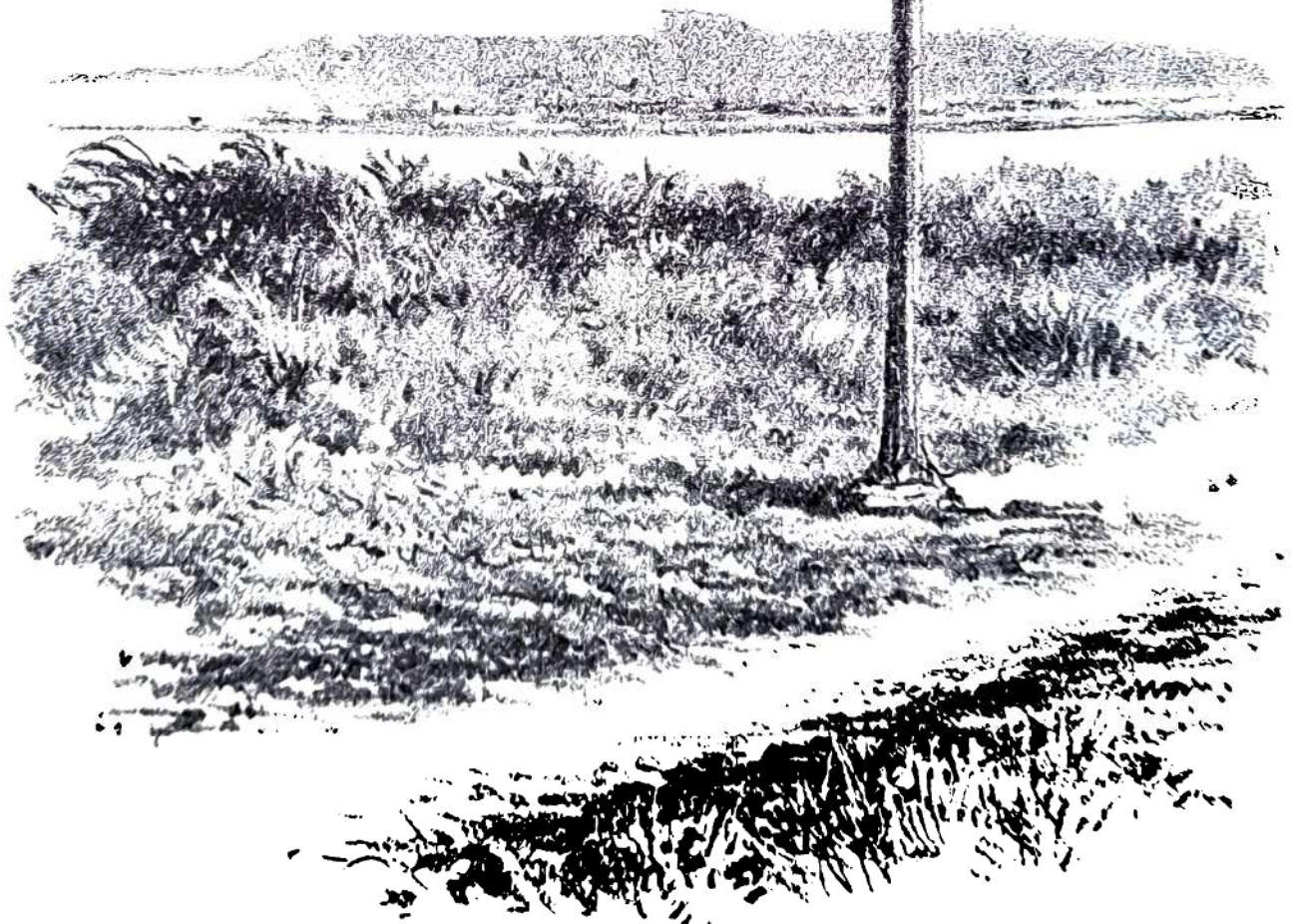
Whether we live in the country or in the town, "the last lamp" means so much at times. It marks—to use Job's words—the confines of light and darkness. To the timid traveller, the last lamp means going out into the night and all that night means. To the wayfarer, coming in from the country, the last lamp means the first lamp; it means a paved and lighted path, it means the protection of a municipality, and the reign of law.

We are all meant to be lamps in the world, to add to the blaze and warmth of places that are already lighted up. But, just as the missionary, Mackay of Uganda, when he was a lad prayed God to send him into the darkest spot in all the world, so we should ask God to make us the lamp that goes furthest north, or south, or east, or west, furthest in or furthest out, but always furthest somewhere, the one who is God's first word, or God's last word, to some one. A wise and godly woman, for example, who keeps her house and stair and children sweet and clean, may be as it were the candle of the Lord to all her neighbours. The wise and godly workman in a shipbuilding yard or an engineer's shop, the mason, plumber, joiner, who does good and honest work, work that he will not be ashamed to give account

of at the Day of Judgment, is a Star in the East, not only something to look at and respect and admire, but a Star to love because he guides men to Christ.

It is this thought, too, that should make us pray to God to make us wise and kind in all our speech and action with people whom we casually meet. We may be, for aught we know, God's last messengers to them. "I was the last person that spoke to him," we sometimes hear men say. 'The last lamp—what if your lamp was out? or the light that was in you was darkness?

Let me tell you a coincidence that happened to the friend who sent me that picture post-card. The ship in which he served as an engineer in Indian waters was sent two or three



years ago on a charter to New Zealand. After it had cast anchor in Bluff Harbour, Campbelltown, one Saturday afternoon, he was hailed from the deck of another steamer by an engineer whom he knew. "Is this your first visit to New Zealand?"

"Yes."

"And how long will you be here?"

"We leave early next week."

"Any chance of getting on shore?"

"I could get this afternoon, but that will be my only chance."

"Could you meet me at 3 o'clock and we'll take a run together up to Invercargill? It would be a pity not to set foot in the country when you have come so far."

Well, they met at the appointed time, and got into the steam tramway car. But they had barely taken their seats when in came first a lady, and then, a little after, a gentleman.

"When did you last hear from home?" said the lady.

"Oh! last Monday," said the friend who had come in.

"And how are they all?"

"Very well, indeed, and do you know, my father has consented to flit at last!"

"You don't say so! And where are they going to?"

"You know such and such a street?" naming a street in the far east of Greenock. "Well, it's to a little self-contained house on the left hand side as you go down to the Main Road."

And when he heard that, my friend rose up and crossed the car, and said, "The house your father is going to is the one my aunt is leaving, and I lived with her in it for three years!"

So true is it that God keeps our goings out and our comings in. "If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me."

Reasons for not going to Church. 16th Series.—No. 2.

"You see, Ma'am, I didn't go to church because I have no clothes except my every day ones, and they are not good enough."

"Now, I think you are quite wrong there. I sometimes don't go myself because they make the church insufferably warm in winter, and I simply can't stand heat, but I should never for a moment dream of not going for the reason you give. I shouldn't object to go in my plainest things, just as you see me now, don't you know!"

"Quite true, Ma'am, but there's an unco difference between your plainest things and mine!"



- 1 **S** Your goodness is as the dew that goeth early away.—*Hos. 6, 4. R.V.*
 2 **M** There came one running . . . and went away grieved.—*Mark 10, 17, 22.*
 3 **TU** Orpah kissed her mother in law.—*Ruth 1, 14.* The late Prof. W. James in his *Psychology* put 'sentimentalists' with drunkards, 'deadbeats,' and other failures with "limp characters" whose life is one long contradiction between knowledge and action, who "never get their voice out of the minor into the major key, or their speech out of the subjunctive into the imperative mood," that is, they are always sorry for what they have done, but they go and do it again.
 4 **W** Pharaoh said, Go, serve the Lord your God, but—*Ex. 10, 8.*
 5 **TH** Balaam said, I have sinned; now therefore, if it displease Thee.—*Num. 22, 34.*
 6 **F** As Paul reasoned of the judgment to come, Felix was terrified.
 7 **S** When I have a convenient season, I will call thee.—*Acts 24, 25. R.V.*

- 8 **S** Thus saith the Lord, Break up your fallow ground.—*Jer. 4, 3.*
 9 **M** His (the ploughman's) God doth instruct him aright.—*Is. 28, 26. R.V.*
 10 **TU** The nobles of the people delved.—*Num. 21, 18. R.V.* Stephen Phillips in his *Lyrus and Dramas* speaks of "holy men
 Who leaning over spade would pray
 And toiling carol all the day."
 11 **W** Blessed shalt thou be in the field.—*Deut. 28, 3.*
 12 **TH** The sluggard will not plow by reason of the winter.—*Prov. 20, 4. R.V.*
 13 **F** The plowing of the wicked is sin.—*Prov. 21, 4.*
 14 **S** He that ploweth ought to plow in hope.—*1 Cor. 9, 10. R.V.*

- 15 **S** Wherefore should God be angry at thy voice?—*Ecc. 5, 6.*
 16 **M** He that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly.—*Prov. 14, 29.*
 17 **TU** Our master Nabal flew upon David's messengers.—*1 Sam. 25, 14. R.V.*
 18 **W** Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words? There is more hope of a fool than of him.—*Prov. 29, 20.* Lord Lyons often said in after years that if there had been a telegraph cable across the Atlantic 50 years ago, it would have been impossible to avoid war between Britain and the Northern States, so hot were men's tempers.
 19 **TH** Their princes shall fall for the rage of their tongues.—*Hos. 7, 16.*
 20 **F** Swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath; *Is. 1, 19.*
 21 **S** For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.

- 22 **S** Remember the Sabbath day: thou . . . thy manservant . . . thy cattle.—*Ex. 20, 8.*
 23 **M** I establish My covenant with every beast of the field.—*Gen. 9, 10.*
 24 **TU** The ass saw the Angel of the Lord.—*Num. 22, 33.*
 25 **W** Wherefore hast thou smitten thine ass these three times?—*v. 32.*
 26 **TH** Why loose ye the colt? The Lord hath need of him.—*Luke 19, 33.*
 27 **F** The beasts of the field pant unto Thee.—*Joel 1, 20. R.V.*
 28 **S** Behold, I judge between cattle and cattle.—*Ex. 34, 17.* "Our first meeting with our 97 dogs every morning was specially cordial. . . . But they were not satisfied until we had gone round patting and talking to every one. If by chance one was so careless as to miss a dog, he at once showed most unmistakable signs of disapproval."—*Captain Amundsen.*

March. 1914.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. 27.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 3.

The Looking-Glass.



Young Philosopher : " Is 'ou anuzzer me ? "

NOW READY.

The Morning Watch Volume for 1913.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

*Volumes 1 to 15, 1888-1892, are out of print,
but Volumes 16 to 25, 1903-1912, may still be had.*

*Greenock: James M^r Keirvie & Sons, Ltd.
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.
London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

*EL-E-LO-HE-IS-RA-EL.
ZAPH-NATH-PA-A-NE-AH.
MA-HER-SHAL-AL-HASH-BAZ.
RA-MA-THA-IM-ZO-PHIM.
SE-LA-HAM-MAH-LE-KOTH.*

ONE night, a few weeks ago, I was in a house at family worship time. They told me they were reading in Nehemiah, but were missing out the chapters that had lists of proper names.

Of the five big words printed above one is the Name of God, one is the name of a young man, one the name of a little baby, and two are the names of places—all in the Bible. But I have copied them from Table 17, page 25, of a school-book used by a friend of mine in the village of East Linton, Haddingtonshire, a hundred years ago. School-life, for the poor in those days, lasted often for but a few months, and when a boy or girl could read hard names like these he was supposed to be able to read anything.

When, therefore, you are reading through the Bible at family worship, don't pass over those difficult chapters, but read them all, right

through, even though it should be only five or six verses at a time. Otherwise, you may know that a hundred years ago people would have called you a poor scholar, and that is not a pleasant thought!

But 2. Every such name is full of history, and therefore full of God. You may not know what they mean, but the words are a sweet music in God's ear.

3. We shall all, I hope, one day meet all the good people whose names are in the Bible, and it will be a pleasure to be able to say to them—"I know your name; I have read about you."

And 4. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." If you read people's names, other people will read yours some day! For there is a touch of greatness in the boy or girl that refuses to be beat by a hard word.



Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 17.)

80th
Birth-
day.

Sir Andrew Clark, one of the best known physicians of his time, used to say that no one was old who could assimilate new ideas. That is to say, we are not old till we cease to learn.

Nor are we old as long as we have a child's heart. So was it with Mrs. Somerville, the mathematician and astronomer, who died in 1872 at the age of 93. When she was far on in life she not only "dwelt on high," thinking of the biggest things, communing with God, but she made a friend of a little sparrow which sat on her shoulder—happy bird!—and for years ate out of her mouth. We are not surprised, therefore, to hear her saying when she was 80, "The feeling of being a grown woman, to say nothing of an old woman, does not come naturally to me."

Dr. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, in a sermon preached in 1654, two years before he died, said: "It hath pleased the providence of my God so to contrive it, that this very morning, fourscore years ago, I was born into this world. 'A great time since!' ye are ready to say; and so, indeed, it seems to you that look at it forward, but to me, that look at it past, it seems so short that it is gone like a tale that is told, or a dream by night, and looks like yesterday. It can be no offence for me to say that many of you who hear me this day are not like to see so many suns walk over your heads as I have done. Yea, what speak I of this? We are all tenants at will; and for aught we know, may be turned out of these clay cottages at an hour's warning. Oh, then, what should we do, but, as wise farmers, who know the time of their lease is expiring and cannot be renewed, carefully and seasonably provide ourselves of a surer and more during tenure?"

An anonymous correspondent has kindly sent me some lines beginning thus:

'Tis the sad weight
Of the little figure 8,
With a cipher at its tail,
That makes me so frail.

But as the eminent divine to whom he attributes them died at the age of 74, there must be some mistake. Yet, seeing I once met a melancholy-looking individual who told me that what was vexing him was this: he had been married 26 years, and if he and his wife were spared together for other 24, he would in all probability have to make a speech at the celebration of his jubilee, and he didn't know what to say, so the writer of the lines may have only been anticipating what was still far ahead. However, I cannot blame my correspondent for his inaccurate reference, seeing I myself have failed to note down

80th
Birth-
day.

the name of the book from which I copied the verses that follow many years ago :

Three-score and ten by common calculation
The years of man amount to, but we'll say
He turns four-score, yet in my estimation
In all these years he has not lived a day.

Out of the eighty, you must first remember
The hours of night you pass asleep in bed,
And counting from December to December
Just half your life you'll find you have been dead.

To 40 years at once by this reduction
We come. But during 5 years from your birth,
While cutting teeth and living upon suction,
You're not alive to what your life is worth.

From 35 next take for education
15, at least, at college and at school,
When, notwithstanding all your application,
The chances are you may turn out a fool.

Still 20 you have left us to dispose of ;
But during them your fortune you've to make,
And granting with the luck of some one knows of
'Tis made in 10, that's 10 from life to take.

Out of the 10 yet left you must allow for
The time for shaving, tooth- and other aches,
Say 4, and that leaves 6—too short, I vow, for
Regretting past, and making fresh, mistakes.

Meanwhile each hour dispels some fond illusion,
Until at length sans eyes, sans teeth, you may
Have scarcely sense to come to this conclusion—
You've reached four-score, and haven't lived ONE DAY!

These rhymes, of course, are full of logical fallacies, and other mistakes as well. Take, for example, what is said about shaving. Wasn't there a Viceroy of India who said the ten minutes he spent in shaving were amongst the most precious to him of the whole day, for he was alone then and got some time to think? One might as well call that time wasted that is spent in washing one's face. Yet, from another point of view, seeing that even the ploughing of the wicked is sin, every action that is not done in love to God has a measure of sin in it, and the time it takes up is so far lost. Take, again, the hours we sleep. If, when we lie down, we lie down in God's fear and love, thinking of all He has done for us, and thinking of the work He has to do and the sorrow He has to endure all the night through in all places of His dominions, these hours are not wasted, for they are spent in fellowship with Him. But these verses will do us good if they make us see how many years of life we lose by frittering away moments every minute and minutes every hour.

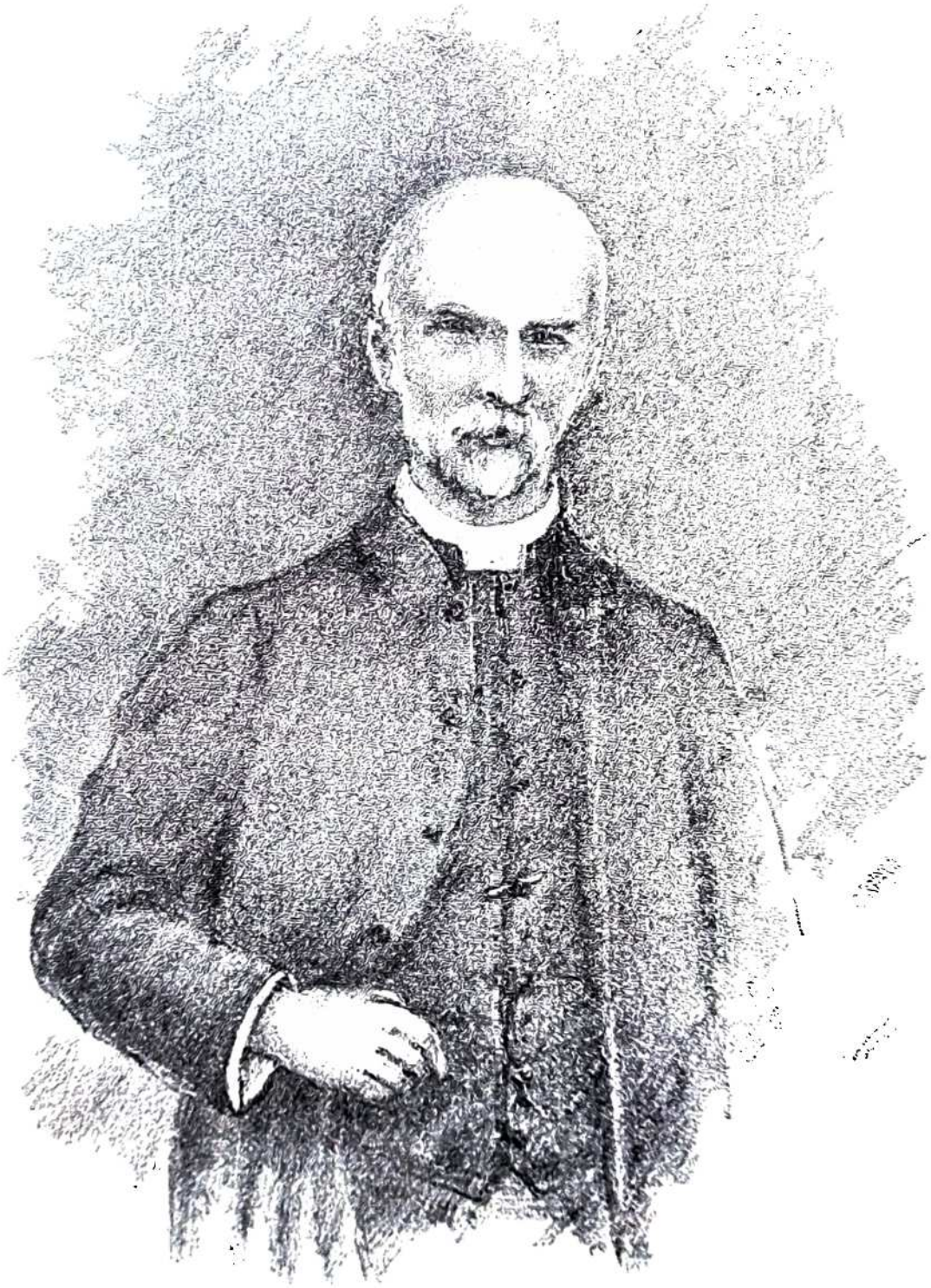
"For each day brings its petty dust
Our soon choked souls to fill."

80th
Birth-
day.

Dr. Harold Browne, Bishop of Winchester, wrote thus in 1883 to a brother minister of his, Archdeacon Jacob, a very zealous teetotaler who had reached his 80th birthday: "I have thought much of you. I have not drunk your health, but I have asked God's blessing on you and yours, specially at that which I take as an acceptable time, in God's house and at the hour of Communion. My unworthy prayers may, I hope, be offered for me by Him Who is all-worthy and in Whom the Father is well pleased. May it please God to preserve you yet to us as long as it can be a blessing to you to wait. And when waiting is over, may we meet where we need neither watch nor wait."



"Man goeth forth to his labour until the evening."—Psalm 104, 23.



Thomas W. C. G. G. G.
A. D. G. G. G.

The Late Rev. A. D. Grant,
of
Mount Park A. S. Church, Greenock.

IN *The Morning Watch* for February, page 21, speaking of the duty of being lights in the world, I said: "It is this thought, too, that should make us pray to God to make us wise and kind in all our speech and action with people whom we casually meet. We may be, for aught we know, God's last messengers to them. I was the last person that spoke to him, we sometimes hear men say. The last lamp—what if your lamp was out? or the light that was in you was darkness?"

A few hours after these words had been set up in type by the printer, Tuesday, January 20, I myself met a good man belonging to our town whom I slightly knew. I made one or two little jests with him, and then we parted, smiling. Two minutes afterwards he had a "shock." And on the Saturday he died.

I have been told that during these four days he never spoke. His last half-conscious action was to feel with his hand as if he were groping for something. Guessing that it might be the account-book he had been carrying that he was feeling for, a young lady of the house into which he had been taken brought him the book. He took it from her, and seemed pleased as he put it under his arm. "As they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief."

But a still stranger thing was to happen.

On the Tuesday after, as I was walking home with Mr. Grant from the Annual Meeting of the Greenock Female Benevolent Society—a meeting which he had opened with prayer—I spoke to him of this strange coincidence, and told him the little joke I had made that day, almost that very hour, the week before. "It was a harmless little joke," I said, "but I wish it had been something better."

"Yes," he said, "it's a wee bit lesson to you. It is so easy to be misunderstood." Then he told me how completely some little playfulness of his own had given some man offence a short time before, and how kind a third party, a young student, to whom the man had told his grievance, had been to him.

The man of whose death I have spoken was to be buried that afternoon—it was now a quarter past one—and Mr. Grant and I were both going to the funeral.

"At 3 o'clock isn't it?" I said.

"Yes, 3 o'clock."

Then, stepping back a pace or two, he waved his hand and said, "Well, good-bye just now, and I'll meet you again."

Four minutes afterwards Mr. Grant had passed away—in a moment—in the twinkling of an eye.

He died within eight or nine steps of his own door. It was as if, when he was going into his own house, God had said to him, "I think you had better just come home with Me." And Enoch walked with God; and he was not, for God took him.

A few days before his death a message boy asked Mr. Grant to help him to lift a large basket on to his head. When he took hold of it, he thought it was much too heavy for the boy, and said, "You can't carry a load like that; I'll carry it for you." And carry it he did, a long way, and past his own house, till he came to the place the boy was bound for.

A minister-friend of his, a brother Presbyter, to whom I told this story, said, "I am afraid a good many of us were guilty of giving Mr. Grant our burdens to bear."

I think there is much truth in that.

He often said he would like his last texts to be nice ones, and he had his wish. His forenoon text the Sabbath before he died was Philippians 2, 4: "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." That was what he did from his youth upward till his last hour. In the afternoon he preached from Isaiah 33, 17: "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty: they shall behold a far-stretching land." That was another thing he had been doing all his days, and that is what he is doing now.

In a letter written to a friend a few hours after Mr. Grant died, one of the foremost scholars and theologians in our country said: "He was the finest spirit I knew among my contemporaries, and I cannot think of any one like him." I hope God will put it into some one's heart to write a worthy book about him that all may know what manner of man he was.

How much he helped me with this little Magazine and in many other ways I cannot put in words. He was specially kind to me in supplying for its last page little stories and sayings to illustrate, or be illustrated by, Scripture texts. Many a one he gave me which he had meant to give to his own people first. The anecdote at the top of page 36—so descriptive of his own preparedness to meet the storm—was the last he gave me.

I here reprint a little article he wrote for me for the January number, 1898. The master referred to in it was an eminent lawyer in Dundee, the late Peter Reid, Esq., and so strong was the affection that sprang up between them in the few years he served him that, I have been told, on the day on which the young apprentice, who was already virtually acting as his confidential clerk, told him he purposed leaving the law to study for the ministry, the tears stood in his master's eyes.

My First Day.

WHEN old people's memories are failing they can remember things that happened when they were young far better than things that happened a year ago. For everything is interesting to us when we are young. We get a lot of pleasure out of little things then. We can think about a holiday, or a soiree, weeks before it comes, and be happy over it the whole time. When you go to learn your trade, your first day at it will be a great day.

I remember very well the first day I was at work. I came from the country to go into an office—a lawyer's. Everything was new and wonderful. The boy who was just a year ahead of me spoke as if he had been there all his life, and as if the master and he were very intimate. He put on great airs of knowledge, and treated my shyness and ignorance with pity. I soon found out he was not bad-hearted. But I had to take up his work, and as he told me about my duties he frightened me with his solemn account of the importance of everything, and the unpardonable consequences of any mistake.

I sat down to copy my first paper. It was the log of a ship that had to be written out for an action in court between the owners and the captain. Here was romance all at once. Surely this was to be a happy life. For it was better than reading a stirring story to be writing about the daily experiences of the sea, of foreign ports, and foreign merchants, and strange cargoes. It was like having the hero of the tale for one's own brother, like hearing him sit at our own fireside and tell of his adventures.

I was stopped at my work about mid-day, and told to go at two o'clock to another office for a document that was wanted. Then I resumed my writing till two o'clock should come. But I got interested in it again, for the ship was in Mozambique Channel, and I forgot all about hours. Shortly after two, I heard the handbell in my master's room ring one stroke. That I was told was for me. I went in. I was

asked for the document I should have gone for. Well do I remember to this hour the feeling that came over me. I had done it! Everything was serious in this office the boy had told me in the morning, and I believed him now.

I don't know whether I looked white or red or blue. Yet I must have looked cool enough. For I went out of the room as if I had that document in my desk, and would return next moment with it. To me, life looked a mere tragedy at that moment. I had committed an unpardonable offence. I had no hope of a second chance in life. I took my cap from its place, walked calmly downstairs, *and went home*, never expecting to return. There was a quick end of my legal career.

My friends tried to comfort me, to tell me "it was a trifle," "I was a stranger," "anyone might make mistakes," and the like. I thought all that was only empty chaff, well-meant for grain. I remembered too well what the other apprentice had told me about no forgiveness.

At last, late at night, a friend of ours was sent for who had influence in the office. He persuaded me to return in the morning, and, if my case looked serious, he would come and explain.

I returned. I took my place. I was asked to do trifling things for the clerks. I wondered. I was delighted to do anything, for that meant I was not being sent to the door. There was hope. But I dreaded every moment that single stroke from the bell in the inner room. That would be the bursting of the storm. By a kind providence,

though it often rang twenty times a day, that day it did not ring at all.

I never spoke of my fault. *And no one else ever spoke of it either.* Months after, I found that when I did not return with the paper, they thought I had gone out for it. As I delayed they imagined that, being a stranger, I had failed to find the place. They sent another messenger who promptly got the terrible document. To complete their charity, as I did not appear, they fancied I had quite lost my way, and must have gone home.

It is a great matter to begin well ;

to begin, continue, and end your first day at work, and every day, with God. But if we make mistakes, if we do what is wrong, let us never listen to the devil's lie that "it doesn't matter now," that "there is no second chance." Even if we sin seriously against God, let us not go away from Him and lose heart. My master was just kindly and forgot. But God knows, and remembers, and multiplies to pardon. My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not, and if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.

Reasons for not going to Church. 16th Series.—No. 3.

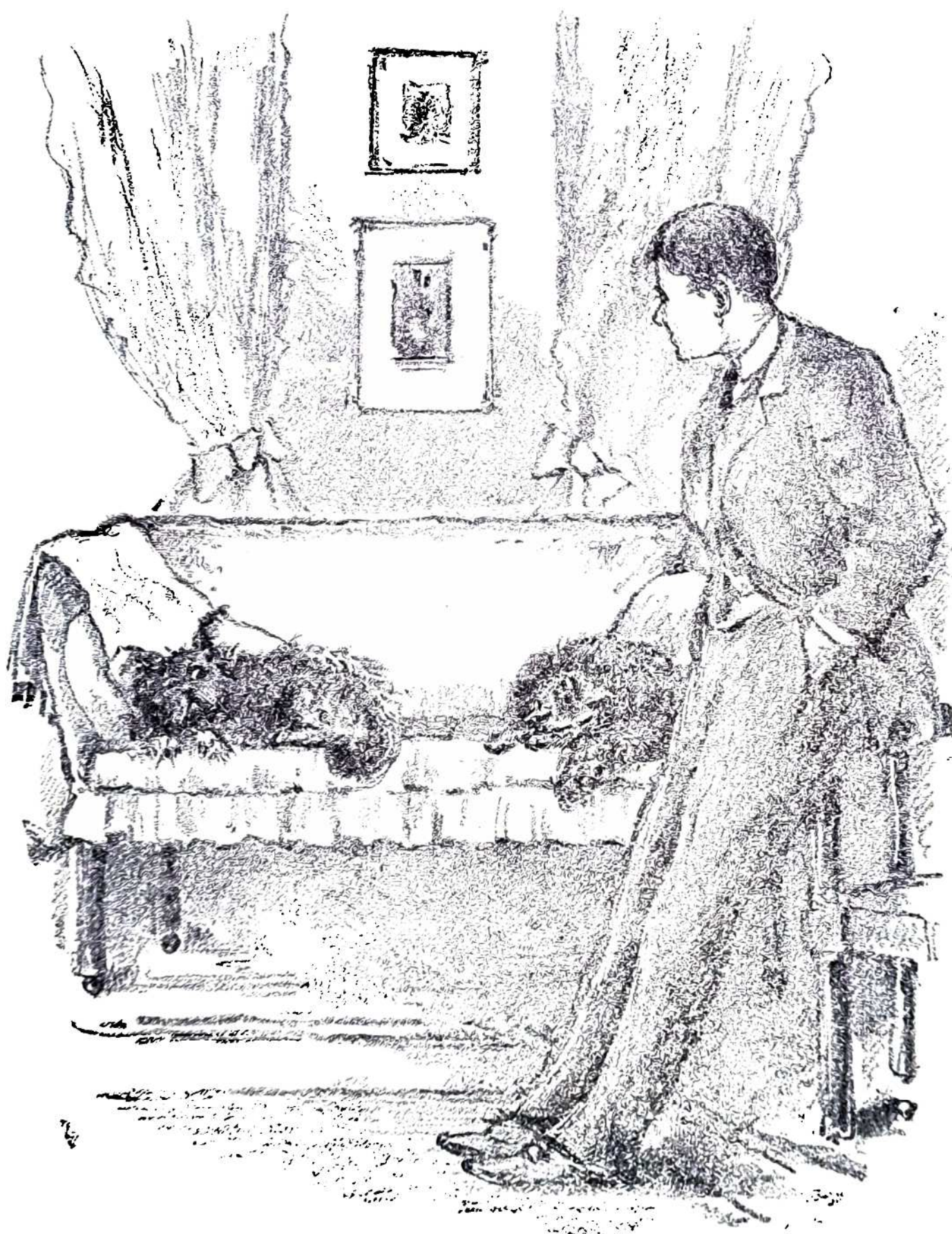
This young man, who has been trying in vain all morning to find an excuse for not going to church to-day, has suddenly remembered to his great satisfaction that his best trousers, which he might otherwise have possibly put on, are lying carefully folded under the cushion on the sofa, and he hasn't the heart to disturb either his dog Chaucer or his landlady's cat Cyrus the Persian, for, as he says,

He prayeth best who loveth best

All things both great and small.

And it is a curious thing that Chaucer is all the time longing to be allowed out to find the bone he buried in the garden last Thursday and had forgotten all about—and his master knows that—and Cyrus, who is only pretending to be asleep, is waiting for the first sniff of the frying of fish next door, for the neighbours look for him on Sabbath mornings—and his master knows that also.

And it is another curious thing that on any other day, and at any other hour on a Sabbath, their master would have not the slightest compunction in ordering both of them to "get out of that," for, as he says, the sofa was made for him, not for them, and "you have your own comfortable baskets to go to!"



1	S	Servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching.— <i>Luke 12, 37.</i>
2	M	Found faithful.— <i>1 Cor. 4, 2.</i>
3	TU	Found in Peace.— <i>2 Pet. 3, 14.</i> "It was an awful night in Scotland. The snow was deep; the wind simply shrieked around the little hut in which a good old elder lay dying. His daughter brought the Family Bible to his bedside. 'Father,' she said, 'will I read a chapter to ye?' But the old man was in sore pain, and only moaned. She opened the book. 'Na, na, lassie,' he said, 'the storm's up noo; I theekit (thatched) my hoose in the calm weather!'"— <i>The Luggage of Life: F. W. Boreham.</i> See above, page 32.
4	W	Found blameless.— <i>1 Tim. 3, 10.</i>
5	TH	Found in Him, not having a righteousness of mine own.— <i>Phil. 3, 9. R.V.</i>
6	F	The stream brake against that house, and could not shake it.— <i>Luke 6, 48. R.V.</i>
7	S	For it was founded upon the Rock.— <i>Matt 7, 25. R.V.</i>
8	S	We live unto the Lord.— <i>Rom. 14, 8.</i>
9	M	We die unto the Lord. "Welcome God and Father! Welcome sweet Jesus Christ, Mediator of the new covenant! Welcome blessed Spirit of grace, God of all consolation! Welcome glory! Welcome eternal life! And welcome death!"— <i>Hugh M'Kail the Covenanter, on the scaffold, aged only 26, 1666.</i>
10	TU	To-day with Me in Paradise.— <i>Luke 23, 43.</i>
11	W	From henceforth expecting.— <i>Heb. 10, 13.</i>
12	TH	Raised incorruptible.— <i>1 Cor. 15, 52.</i>
13	F	Caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air.— <i>1 Th. 4, 17.</i>
14	S	They follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.— <i>Rev. 14, 4.</i>
15	S	The Lord's eyelids try the children of men.— <i>Psa. 11, 4.</i>
16	M	Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.— <i>Eph. 5, 11.</i>
17	TU	Obedient, not in the way of eyeservice,
18	W	As men pleasers. "The main object in dealing with boys is to secure behind-back obedience."— <i>Dr. Almond of Loretto.</i>
19	TH	With good will doing service, as unto the Lord, and not unto men.— <i>Eph. 6, 5. R.V.</i>
20	F	Work out your salvation, not as in my presence only,
21	S	But now much more in my absence.— <i>Phil. 2, 12.</i>
22	S	And man became a living soul.— <i>Gen. 2, 7.</i> "To be alive I deemed a lavish gift."— <i>Stephen Phillips.</i>
23	M	Truly the light is sweet.— <i>Eccl. 11, 7.</i>
24	TU	To him that is joined to all the living there is hope.— <i>Ec. 9, 4.</i>
25	W	Life more abundantly.— <i>John 10, 10.</i>
26	TH	To me to live is Christ.— <i>Phil. 1, 21.</i>
27	F	Life for evermore.— <i>Psa. 133, 3.</i>
28	S	The life which is life indeed.— <i>1 Tim. 6, 19. R.V.</i>
29	S	Walk as children of light.— <i>Eph. 5, 8.</i>
30	M	Take thought for things honourable, not only in the sight of the Lord,
31	TU	But also in the sight of men.— <i>2 Cor. 8, 21. R.V.</i> "Men like to see straight running."— <i>Sir Leslie Stephen's Life.</i>

The Morning Watch.

VOL. 27.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 4.

"All is Vanity!"

1st Girl: "Oh-h-h! What a grand hat!"

2nd do.: "THAT a grand hat, Lizbeth Ann Finnieson! Did ye no ken that kind o' feather has been oot o' the fashion for near a month?"



NOW READY.

The Morning Watch Volume for 1913.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

*Volumes 1 to 15, 1888-1892, are out of print,
but Volumes 16 to 25, 1903-1912, may still be had.*

*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.
London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

Nisi Dominus . . . Frustra.

Except the Lord . . . In Vain.

—Ps. 127.

THE late Captain Robert Scott, of Antarctic fame, in describing in a very beautiful passage how the ice that had hemmed in the *Discovery* for months disappeared as it were of its own accord in one hour, says, "Our ship came to her own again—the right to ride the high seas."

Next month the *Aquitania*, the mighty 50,000 Cunard Atlantic liner, the biggest ship that has ever been built in Scotland, is to come down the Clyde, if all is well, to claim by God's grace "her own" and "see the sea."

Her builders and owners, one is sorry and ashamed to hear, have fixed for this purpose on a Sabbath-day. It will be said, no doubt that they could not help themselves, that it is because the tide suits, and that there is less risk of holding up the river traffic on that day. But one cannot live in a great port without seeing than men seem almost glad to have an excuse for

working on the Lord's day, just as many mothers—oh, foolish women! seem pleased if any of their children have a slight cold on Sabbath morning; it then becomes so manifestly their duty not to go to church. The truth of the matter is—we don't love God, and we are glad of anything that seems to prove that His commandments are grievous, and that He Himself is hard, austere, unreasonable, and therefore neither to be obeyed nor feared.

Yet the Sabbath, being the day on which He raised our Lord from the dead in token that He was well pleased with Him for dying for us, is a perpetual proof and reminder of His infinite love for us. The God that spared not His Own Son for our sake will surely not keep back any good thing from us. Time and tide, wind and sea, are all in our Saviour's hand, are all put there for us, and God will make them wait, if need be, for any man that waits on Him.

The coming of such a ship for the first time into the blue water is a great event in Glasgow's and in Scotland's history. It is the wedding of the "Aquitania" to her proper element, the wedding of the river to the sea, the wedding of Britain to America. And Christ is not only not to be bidden to the marriage; but the one day is fixed for it on which He has told us He cannot come



Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 29.)

80th
Birth-
day.

"26th March, 1899. My 80th birthday. I feel very grateful for being still so active as I am, though I feel age creeping on me in many ways."—*Diary of the Duke of Cambridge.*

Prince Bismarck's 80th birthday was 1st April, 1895. From 25th March to 2nd April, he received 11,475 telegrams containing 453,000 words, 979 parcels, 265 registered packages, 995 registered letters, and about 450,000 ordinary letters and book-post consignments!

"An old man in Nottinghamshire came to me one Sabbath as we were going into church, and said: 'Do you think, sir, you could bring in that prayer about giving thanks this morning? I am 80 years old to-day, and I should like to thank God for all the mercies He has been pleased to send.' He had one small room in a poor cottage; his income was three shillings a week; he had no relatives and few friends; he was often ailing and always infirm, needing two sticks to lean on, and yet he was not only content, but happy. The last words he spoke to me, just before his death, were these: 'I am not dying in darkness; I am dying in the light of life.'"—*Dean Hole's Reminiscences.*

At the thanksgiving service held in St. Paul's Cathedral on Queen Victoria's 80th birthday, 24th May, 1899, the late Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, preached from the text, Isaiah 63, 9—"In all their affliction He was afflicted." The last time Dr. Temple preached in Canterbury Cathedral was on his own 81st birthday, November 30, 1902, his subject being Foreign Missions, and his text 1 Cor. 9, 16, 17, which in the Revised Version reads thus: "For if I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of; for necessity is laid upon me; for woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel. For if I do this of mine own will, I have a reward: but if not of mine own will, I have a stewardship intrusted to me."

The last time John Ruskin, the most eloquent of all writers upon Art, signed his name was in 1897, when he added it to an address presented on his 80th birthday to his friend, G. F. Watts, the painter. Ruskin was himself seventy-nine. One who saw him about this time says that one day he held out his finger and thumb and said they would never hold pen again. "But, after all," he added with a smile, "they have brought me into so much trouble that perhaps it's as well they should rest." He died on Saturday, 20th January, 1900. On his 80th birthday, 8th February, 1899, he got a number of complimentary addresses from learned societies, besides letters and telegrams from all parts of the world. The principal address was presented to him by a small deputation at Brantwood in the Lake country. He listened intently and with

81st
Birth-
day.

evident emotion while it was being read, but was only able to utter a few broken words in reply. The silver cord was already loosed, and all the daughters of music had been brought low; the almond tree was flourishing, and the grass-hopper was a burden.

"31st October, 1701. I was this day 81 complete; in tolerable health, considering my great age."—*Diary of John Evelyn*.

On September 15, 1864, Lady Buxton, the wife of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton the philanthropist, and sister of the famous Mrs. Fry, wrote thus to her brother: "I must send you a line on my birthday—81. Surely goodness and mercy have followed me since I was born."

32nd

Mr. Henry Reeve, C.B., who for 40 years had been Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*—a position at one time of very great influence—wrote to Mr. Longman the publisher on September 12, 1895: "Thanks for your birthday congratulations. But I doubt whether great age is a subject of congratulation at all." On the 29th he wrote: "I am extremely feeble, faculties low, eyesight weak. I should like, if I lived so long, to edit the January number of the *Review*, but after that I must stop." Three weeks after, October 21, he was dead.

In one of his letters, written when he was a young man, we find these words: "Between 70 and 80 there rarely remains more than one change to be made."

Professor Basil L. Gildersleeve, of the John Hopkins University, Baltimore, U.S.A., one of the greatest living Greek scholars, celebrated his 82nd birthday last October. "Don't say anything about it," he said to a newspaper reporter, "except that I am still alive and as busy as ever, and come to see me when I am 100, and I'll talk to you about retiring—maybe." He is still Editor of the *American Journal of Philology*. "And I hope," he said, "I may continue to be so as long as I live. My work is all planned out for at least 50 years ahead!"

Dr. Benjamin Hall Kennedy, 1804-1889, sent the following Latin elegiac couplet to a friend who had congratulated him on reaching his 82nd year:

Laeta redit mihi nulla dies sed laetor, amice,
Quod juvat aegroti te meminisse senis.

"Glad comes to me no day, but glad I am, O friend,
That you are pleased a sick old man to keep in mind!"

He was Headmaster of Shrewsbury School for 30 years, and then Professor of Greek at Cambridge. He was considered the finest teacher of the classics in Britain last century. No man ever turned out so many fine scholars as he did. In one sense I hope we may say he was a teacher of us all, a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ, for he was one of the many great men who toiled for years and gave us the Revised Version of the New Testament. He was a remarkably fine talker and full of humour. Of his humility it is enough to say that when his scholars founded a Chair of Latin in his honour at Cambridge, he added £500 to the endowment fund on condition that it was called simply the Latin and not, as was proposed, the Kennedy Professorship.

רום טו לעמ

Behold I stand at the door.

—Rev. 3, 20.

THERE is a district in Glasgow, on the south side of the river, within 300 yards of Stockwell Bridge, called the Gorbals, where a great many Jews live, and if you walk about the streets and look into the shop windows and over the shop doors, you will see strange looking words which people tell you are Hebrew. If you lift your eyes higher and look at the windows of the dwelling-houses you will see here and there the three words at the head of this article. So I heard the Rev. W. M. Christie, M.A., say a few weeks ago; he is the U. F. Missionary to the Jews in Glasgow, and is a distinguished Oriental scholar.

Now suppose you were going along the streets with a minister who has learned to read Hebrew at college, and perhaps been first prize-man in his classes, and were to ask him what the words mean, he would very likely blush and say, "I'm very sorry I really can't make out what they mean." Then you would reply perhaps, "But of course you can read the letters? How do they sound when you pronounce them?"

Then he would tell you that in reading Hebrew you begin at the right hand side always, and read backwards towards the left—the very opposite of what we do in English, and that the letters in the inscription are

TEL UT MUR.

The first word, he would add, *rum*, means in the Hebrew Bible a height, or an elevation, or pride; *tu*, he never saw before, and as for *let*, he would say, there is a word *laat* which means *to eat greedily*.

"Perhaps," you would answer, "it means 'Eating house upstairs'?"

"No," he would say, "that's ingenious, but impossible; it can't be the Hebrew the Jews spoke long ago; it must be the corrupt Hebrew-German language which modern Jews speak, called *Yiddish*, which comes from the German word *Jüdisch*."

But if you continued walking, you would see the words so often that at last you would say, "Maybe it means lodgings?" and then, just because you are ignorant and don't know any Hebrew—for things are often revealed to babes that are hid from the wise and prudent, for the wise can't stoop as low as you can—you would say, "How did you pronounce the words?" and when he repeated them again, you would say, "It can't possibly be—*Room to let?* can it?" And your friend would laugh; "I believe you are right!" And being a first-prize man, he would make enquiry, and he would find out that many of the words in the shop windows and elsewhere are not Hebrew though they look Hebrew—"they say they are Jews and are not;" they are simply English words printed in Hebrew letters! He would find out, too,

that there are actually English newspapers printed from end to end in Hebrew letters!

The Hebrew word for a room is *lishkah*—you see that here I am doing the opposite of these Gorbals Jews; they print English words in Hebrew letters, and I am printing Hebrew words in English letters. If, therefore, Rahab in Jericho took in lodgers, she would have a sign in her window—

LISHKAH LEHASKIR,

that is, a room to let. Now the Hebrews, as we find all through the Bible, but especially in Isaiah and other books of the prophets, were very fond of “playing upon words.” I don’t like to use the word *puns*, for these are so often such silly things in English, but there have been puns full of wisdom, hidden treasures of knowledge which God has in his love put there to astonish us. Well, Mr Christie made the delightful suggestion that quite possibly the spies when they were leaving the house and telling Rahab to put the red cord in her window, would say to her, “Your *lishkah lehaskir*, your room to let will be a *lishkah lehazkir*, a room to be remembered!” If the spies didn’t say that, they will wish they had when they hear it!

Yes, a room to be remembered, for it stood when every other house in Jericho fell down, and everybody in it was saved, for it was founded upon a rock, and that rock was Christ.

Rahab, though she had not always been a good girl, was the first fruits of the Promised Land to

the Israelites, and the first fruits to Christ, and so she finds for all time a place not only in the 11th of Hebrews, that chapter “in which every verse is a hero’s monument,” but a place also in the first chapter of the New Testament, for she was one of those—oh matchless honour!—of whom, according to the flesh, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ was born.

Those spies who went into her house must have been godly young men, and it was, no doubt, from watching them, their holiness in every word and look, their wisdom, their gentleness and tenderness, that she saw that all men were not bad, and was confirmed in her belief that the Lord God of Israel, of Whom she had heard so much, was the living and true God. And how little did these young men think that, by that day’s behaviour, they were like Peter and John nearly 1500 years after, preparing, in the most literal sense, a guest chamber for the King of Glory.

How that inscription written in Hebrew and in English, “*Room to let*,” must vex the King of the Jews every time He passes by! He is the One Man in all the world for Whom His Own flesh and blood have “no room.”

And what a day for the whole world it will be when His brethren, looking at Him Whom they pierced, will hear Him say, “Make haste, and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house”! And they shall answer, “Come in, Thou Blessed of the Lord; wherefore standest Thou without?”



"Primroses!"

Bonnets for Beauty.

For Aaron's sons (the ordinary priests) thou shalt make bonnets for glory and for beauty.

And for Aaron himself thou shalt make a plate of pure gold, and grave upon it HOLY TO THE LORD.

And thou shalt put it on a lace of blue, and it shall be upon his mitre (or turban).—Ex. 28, 36-40, R. V.

THOSE of you who have read Sir J. M. Barrie's wonderful book *The Little Minister* will perhaps remember that he tells us that Mr. Dishart's black silk hat became a terror to evil doers in Thrums. When they saw it they knew the minister was coming and they fled.

When I was hunting for the page on which that sentence is, I was struck with the number of times Mr. Dishart's hat comes into the story. The first reference is to the

little "glengarry" his mother made for him when he was a boy. It was made from a piece of carpet, and she gave it a tartan edging, and many a laugh, no doubt, other boys would have at it. In the *Life of James Clerk Maxwell*, the great mathematician and natural philosopher, who, from his grave, in some ways still rules the world of science, we are told that, when he came up from Dumfriesshire to the Edinburgh Academy, his little cloak and country-tailor-made clothes and the brass tips on his boots, made him the butt of his school-fellows. And if that was the case with a landed-proprietor's son, how much more so must it have been with Gavin?

When Mr. Dishart became a minister, his "lum hat" was described by one of the people as "the



crowning stone o' the edifice." Sneaky Hobart, with some others, when the maid, Jean, was showing them her master's belongings, tried the hat on in the manse kitchen, and "felt queer for some time afterwards." It was a thing to be treated with reverence, yet it had its ludicrous adventures too, like the head-gear of other men. Once, for example, Babbie, the Egyptian, struck it with a snowball, and as long as the world is young that is a thing, rightly or wrongly, that all men will laugh at. Another time it blew off in the school wynd, where a wind wanders ever, looking for hats, and when he chased it passionately, his precentor, who saw him, said he should have run after it "mair reverently." For even when it was off, it had a significance peculiarly its own. When his predecessor left the manse after his farewell visit, Mr Dishart went with the old white-headed man to the foot of the manse road, "without his hat, as all Thrums knew before bedtime," and rejoiced to know, for they liked to see their young minister "rising up before the hoary head, and honouring the face of the old man."

In *The Little Minister*, as in your journey through life, you may also see how much pathos and tragedy there may be in such a simple sentence as this—"There is your hat," "Lift your hat and go"

I came across two instances of a "bonnet of beauty," a hat with *Holy to the Lord* on it, in a fine book I was reading the other day, the life of a Wesleyan Methodist

Minister who died in 1912, aged 71.* Once, when he was sailing to Aberdeen, in stormy weather, and a poor woman's hat flew away into the sea, he took off his own cap and gave it to her, and was himself without one for the rest of the voyage. Of course, any of us, I hope, would have done the same, or at least, would have approved of some other body's doing it. But here is an instance, an oft repeated instance, I like even more. He played football with his boys, and, in default of anything better, *would place his coat and clerical hat to serve as goal-posts*. Happy father! Thrice happy sons!

Yes, boys, you can put *Holy to the Lord* on your caps in a hundred ways. Wear it becomingly at all times; don't put it on as long as you are in a room—but people who are elderly may do that for many reasons—take it off or touch it nicely if you meet your teacher or your elder or any grown up person whom you know; if the wind blows it off, run after it merrily with all your might; but never kick it, for your parents had to work for it; and even if you have to use it for a goal-post see that you do it no harm; and when you take it off when you go home, put it in its own place, that you may find it at once, and not have the whole house hunting for it frantically at the last moment, when you are all going out, say, to the prayer-meeting on a Wednesday evening. Have power on your

*The Story of J. Denholm Brash, by his son. London: Charles H. Kelly, 26 Paternoster Row, E.C. Price, 2/6 net. Fourth Edition.

heads, as Paul tells the women of Corinth, and on everything belonging to them, "because of the Angels," that is to say, you are to remember they are always looking at you and they like to see you behaving wisely and becomingly.

Here are two other stories about hats that I was almost forgetting!

There was a Lord Fitzwilliam who, when he was a boy and out one day riding with his father, passed a tenant, who touched his hat to him. Some time after the father said to

the boy, "Did you raise your hat to the farmer as you passed?"

"No, sir."

"Then ride back and beg his pardon."

And there was once, long long ago in the time of the Reformation, a man named Anthony Persons, and when the Roman Catholic authorities fastened him to the stake to burn him, he lifted some of the straw that was lying round him, and putting it on his head, said, "This is God's hat; I am now armed like a soldier of Christ."

Reasons for not going to Church. 16th Series.—No. 4.

This young woman has left the church because one of the deacons, who was engaged at his work carrying coals, had the presumption to nod to her when she was walking with a young gentleman friend.

Now the deacon, who owns both horse and "lorry," is a man of the highest character. He is a great reader, and knows ever so much of Milton and Tennyson off by heart, and he has £275 in the Savings Bank, and is in two Benefit Societies besides.

I am not sure what business the young woman's father is in at present, but the last time he "failed," he paid only ninepence in the pound.

And as for the young man—he is out of a situation at present, and is so ill off that he had to borrow money last Saturday to pay for a ticket to the Grand Stand at the Football Match, and one cigar and a packet of cigarettes and a "taxi-cab." He has seen one or two advertisements to to-day's papers for clerks at 21/- a week, and has half-a-mind to have a shot at one of them. Meantime he agrees with the young woman in thinking that that deacon doesn't know his proper place, and approves of her and her people's proposal to join another church where the office-bearers at least are gentlemen.



1	W	Because of fear in the night.— <i>Song of Sol.</i> 3, 8. "I did not go to bed at all while we were in Benares, but sat up in the room adjoining the Prince's bedroom on guard against a possible assassin."— <i>Lord Suffield's Memories of King Edward.</i>
2	TH	There is that neither day nor night seeth sleep with his eyes.— <i>Ec.</i> 8, 16.
3	F	The sleep of a labouring man is sweet.— <i>Ec.</i> 5, 12.
4	S	He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.— <i>Ps.</i> 121, 4.
5	S	I am God. . . . My counsel shall stand.— <i>Is.</i> 46, 9.
6	M	They take counsel, but not of Me.— <i>Is.</i> 30, 1.
7	TU	They reasoned with themselves, saying, If . . . But if . . . <i>Matt.</i> 21, 25.
8	W	They say, Who shall see them? "If so, how about a resolution in their favour—somewhat vague—which would win them over to us in case of an election—and which would not be carried?"— <i>Mr. Labouchere writing to Mr. Chamberlain, Jan. 7, 1886.</i> These two politicians disagreed later on.
9	TH	The thought of every one of them is deep.— <i>Ps.</i> 64, 6.
10	F	The Holy One of Israel, He also is wise,
11	S	And will not call back His words.— <i>Is.</i> 31, 2.
12	S	The right to come to the tree of life.— <i>Rev.</i> 22, 14, <i>R. V.</i>
13	M	The trees of the wood are moved with the wind.— <i>Is.</i> 7, 2.
14	TU	All the trees shall clap their hands.— <i>Is.</i> 55, 12.
15	W	The trees shall sing out.— <i>1 Chron.</i> 16, 33. "Dr. Hubert (son of Sir G. Airy, Astronomer-Royal), investigated the movements of the branches of the trees showing how the different elasticity of the wood in different directions gives rise to the circular and wavy motions of the branches in the wind, so unlike the uniform swaying of a field of corn.— <i>The Right Hon. James Stuart's Reminiscences.</i>
16	TH	Boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook.— <i>Lev.</i> 23, 40.
17	F	The sound of marching in the tops of the mulberry trees.— <i>2 Sam.</i> 5, 24.
18	S	Rest yourselves under the tree.— <i>Gen.</i> 18, 4.
19	S	Master, where dwellest thou? Jesus saith, Come and see.— <i>John</i> 1, 39.
20	M	Having boldness to enter into the holiest.— <i>Heb.</i> 10, 19-22.
21	TU	Let us draw near. "For their special bravery in 1619, the Colonel of the 8th Dragoons has the right to go to the Emperor unannounced at any hour, day or night, but I fancy if he did, he would be instantly relieved of his command!"— <i>The Austrian Officer: Dorothea Gerard.</i>
22	W	Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out.— <i>John</i> 6, 37.
23	TH	Draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh to you.— <i>Jas.</i> 4, 8.
24	F	Ye will not come to Me.— <i>John</i> 5, 40.
25	S	All things are ready: come.— <i>Matt.</i> 22, 4.
26	S	I will sing of mercy and of judgment.— <i>Ps.</i> 101, 1.
27	M	Great are Thy thoughts which are to us-ward.— <i>Ps.</i> 40, 5.
28	TU	According to the multitude of His loving kindnesses.— <i>Is.</i> 62, 7. There are nettles everywhere, But smooth green grasses are more common still; The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud. — <i>Mrs. Browning: Aurora Leigh.</i>
29	W	I do set my bow in the cloud,
30	TH	A token of a covenant between Me and the earth.— <i>Gen.</i> 9, 13.

May, 1914.

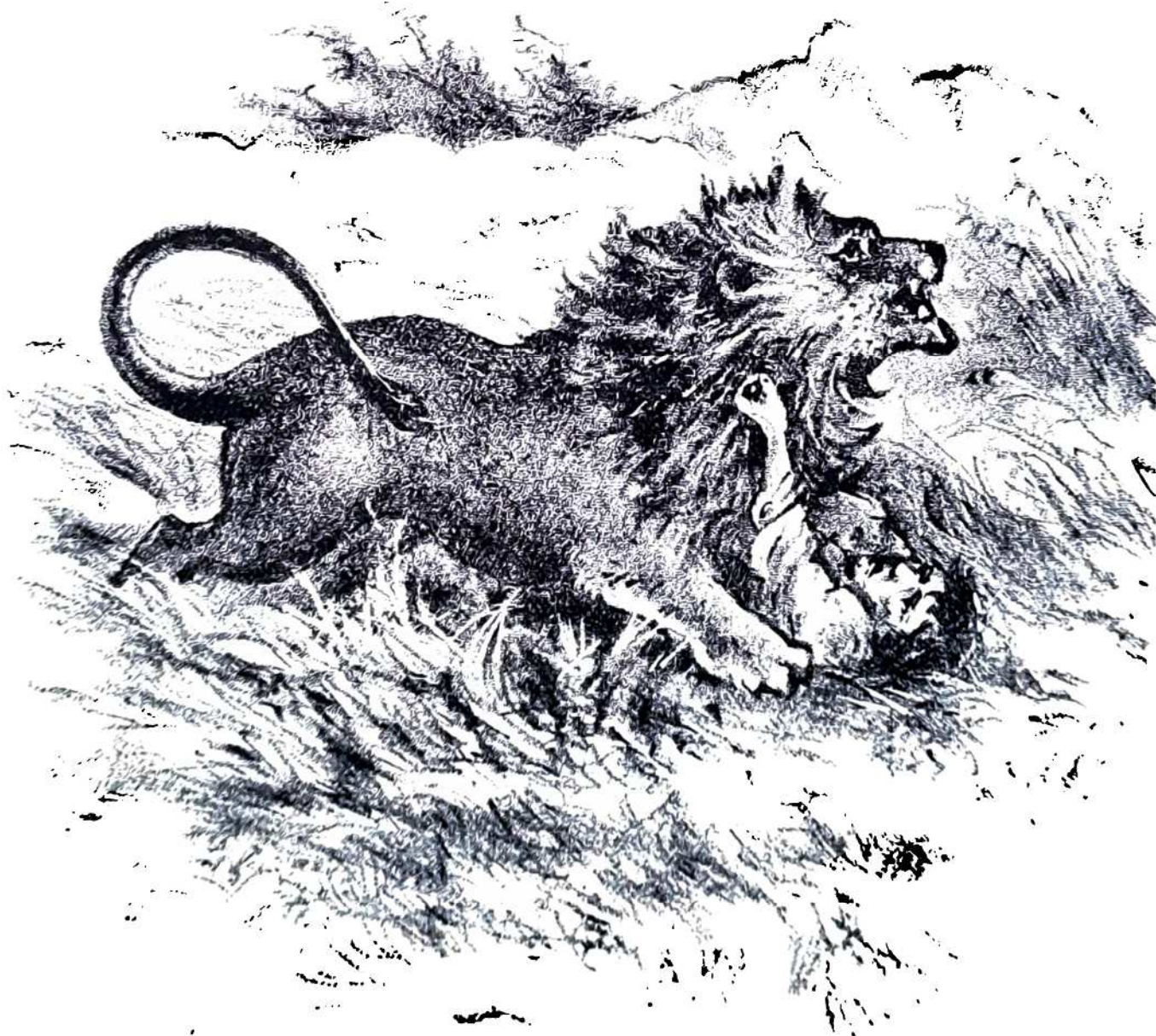
One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. 27.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 5.



Mr. Wolbuter's Lion.

NOW READY.

The Morning Watch Volume for 1913.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

*Volumes 1 to 15, 1888-1892, are out of print,
but Volumes 16 to 25, 1903-1912, may still be had.*

*Greenock: James M^r Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.
London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

Mrs. Bardsley's Crows.

*I have commanded the ravens to
feed thee there.—1 Kings, 17, 4.*

*Consider the ravens.—Luke 12,
24.*

AFTER the death of her husband, a gardener in England, old Mrs. Bardsley had come back to Scotland, the land of her nativity, and there she lived contentedly and happily on the few shillings a week which his earnings and her savings and God's blessing brought in to her. In winter, when the winds blew, the little group of trees near her cottage rattled their branches, or as the Psalm says, clapped their hands, and the dead and rotten wood, of which there is always so much in every tree, provided for the use of man, more than kept her in kindling.

She was a lover of birds, and specially an admirer of crows, of whose cleverness her husband had often talked to her. She was always sorry the raven Noah sent out of the Ark had not had the courtesy to come back and thank him—though perhaps it thought its continued

absence was the best way to tell Noah what he wished to know—but she felt that by their kindness to Elijah they had redeemed their character.

One winter many years ago the wind blew very little—to the great joy of the sailors' wives—and Mrs. Bardsley's stock of wood went down. But when March came, the crows took the winds' place. Perhaps they knew she needed sticks, for they had seen that she never passed a bit, however little; perhaps it was the Angels that told them, for the Angels, as the Bible tells us, have great communings with birds and beasts. But however it was, the crows that year seemed to find unusual pleasure in breaking off and dropping clawfuls and beakfuls of twigs, "of purpose" like the reapers in the book of Ruth. Even after their nests were built, they kept clearing the trees. It was their wives who wished more air and room and firmer footing for their little ones, and they took a clever way to do it. For when their husbands wished to rest and sing—for they think themselves very musical, as Aesop's fables tell us—the wives would say in a loud whisper to one another, "Aren't these husbands of ours wonderfully strong? They are just as strong, I am sure, as the elephants we hear of. Look at the way they wrench off those big branches." And then the crows would get up and do a little more work, just to show off a bit, but it was Mrs. Bardsley, even more than the little crows, that got the benefit!



Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 40.)

80th
Birth-
day.

On December 27, 1889, Lord Granville wrote to Mr. Gladstone, with reference to the latter's 80th birthday: "When we arrive at our age it is almost incongruous to congratulate upon birthdays." Granville died fifteen months after, aged 76.

Mr Edward Marsden, the publisher, who died three weeks ago in his 90th year, wrote in his 82nd year a cheerful little book in answer to the question—"How does it feel to be old?"

82nd

In Anderson's *Ladies of the Covenant*—a book you would all enjoy reading—you will find some delightful stories about Grizell Hume, eldest of the eighteen children of Sir Patrick Hume, afterwards Earl of Marchmont. "Full of years and of good works," as her epitaph, written by Sir F. Burnet, an English Judge, says, "she died on the 6th December, 1746, and was buried on the 25th, on her 82nd birthday. But the grave, we may be sure, had no terrors for her, for, while still in her teens—I hope you have often heard the story—she had triumphed over it in a wonderful way. During the times of the persecution of the Covenanters, her father had to hide for a time in a vault in the family burying-ground at Polworth Church. She used to carry food to him through the churchyard at midnight. The only way she could get it without letting the servants know was by taking it off the table at meal times and hiding it. Her father, like a wise man, liked sheep's head, and one day, when the children were supping their broth, she quietly lifted the greater part of one into her lap. One of her brothers, nine years of age, suddenly lifting his eyes, saw the big 'ashet' empty. 'Mother,' he cried, 'will you look at Grizell? While we have been eating our broth, she has eaten the whole sheep's head!'"

After he had been in the vault a whole month, they dug a hole in the earth under the floor of a room which was always kept locked, Grizell, to avoid noise, working with her hands till the nails were worn off her fingers. Then they got a faithful man servant, James Winter, to make a big wooden box, and into that Sir Patrick used to retire in times of danger.

When she was dying she besought her daughters to ask God to guide them in choosing their husbands. She herself had married the son of Robert Baillie of Jerviswood, the martyr who was found guilty, sentenced, and executed, all on one day, 24th Feb. 1684. "My lords," he said, "the sentence is sharp, the time is short, but I thank my God, Who hath made me as fit to die as you are to live." Her marriage to his son George had, like all marriages more or less, an element of romance. She met him first in jail! She had been sent by her father to carry tidings to Mr Baillie, senior, then a prisoner, and to bring back an answer, and this she managed very

82nd

cleverly to do though she was but a girl of twelve. She was married fifteen years afterwards.

How she found her way into the prison-cell is not known, but an old writer has put it thus :—

“ From the Redbraes’ tower I come ;
My father is Sir Patrick Hume,
And he has sent me for thy good—
His dearly honoured Jerviswood.
Long have I round these walls been straying,
As if with other children playing ;
Long near the gate have kept my watch
The sentry’s changing time to catch.
With stealthy steps I gained the shade
By the close-winding stair-case made,
And when the surly turnkey entered,
But little dreaming in his mind
Who followed him so close behind,
Into this darkened cell, with beating heart, I ventured.”

Mr Wolhuter’s Lion.

*Save me from the
lion’s mouth.—Ps. 22, 21.*

MANY years ago I had for one of my fellow-passengerson board a ship in the Pacific a young Scotsman who was returning from South America. His two brothers had died there while on a journey round the world, and he had gone out at his mother’s bidding to visit their grave and put up a stone in their memory. He was a very quiet lad, and any one could see from his face that he knew what sorrow was. One day, however, as we were pacing up and down the deck I happened to quote *Pilgrim’s Progress*, and then in one moment his face brightened. “ Do you know *Pilgrim’s Progress* well ? ” he said.

“ When I was a boy,” I answered, “ it was the one book I did know.” We were not allowed in those days to read either novels or fairy tales,

and *Pilgrim’s Progress* and *The Scots Worthies* and *The Cloud of Witnesses*—famous books about the Covenanters—were our favourite reading on Sabbath evenings after we had gone over a bit of the *Shorter Catechism*.

“ Had your copy of *Pilgrim’s Progress* woodcuts in it ? ” he asked.

“ Yes,” I said.

“ My favourite one,” he went on to say, “ was the picture of Apollyon and Christian fighting. Do you mind how Apollyon straddled over the whole breadth of the road, and then made at Christian, throwing darts as thick as hail ? ” and there and then he threw himself into Apollyon’s attitude, and hurled imaginary darts on the deck, till we both roared with laughter. From that day forth we became great friends.

What boy who ever read that story can forget his joy when, after Christian’s sword flew out of his hand,

and Apollyon said, "I am sure of thee now," and was fetching of his last blow to make a full end of this good man, he read that Christian, nimbly stretching out his hand, caught his sword again, saying, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall I shall arise," and with that gave him a deadly thrust? I don't think any verse I ever read in the Bible stuck so quickly and so firmly in my memory.

This incident came vividly back to me the other day when I read a fine story, a true story told by a Mr H. Wolhuter, one of the Rangers in the Transvaal Government Game Reserves. ¶

On the 26th August, 1904, he was riding home, just as it was getting dark, when a lion sprang at him out of a patch of grass. He had no time to lift his rifle, but he drove his spurs into his horse, whereupon the horse gave a bound which caused the lion partially to miss his spring, as his claws slipped on the horse's quarters. The concussion and the horse's spring made the hunter lose his seat, and at the same instant there rushed forward a second lion. "I absolutely fell into his jaws," he says, "and I believe he had me before I ever touched the ground. . . . The next thing I remember was being dragged along the path on my back, my right arm and shoulder in the lion's mouth, my body and legs under his belly, while his fore-paws kept trampling on me

as he trotted along, lacerating the front of my thighs and tearing my trousers to shreds, and all the time keeping up a sort of growling purr, as a hungry cat does when she catches a bird or a mouse, and is anticipating a welcome meal.

"Dr Livingstone says in his book that when he was in a similar case his feelings were those of dreamy repose, with no sense of pain. I, on the other hand, suffered extremely, and I hope I may never have again to undergo such agony of mind as I then experienced; it seemed hard to die like that, and yet I could see not the slightest loophole of escape. For I had, of course, lost my rifle when I fell.

"Suddenly, like a flash, I thought of my sheath knife. I always carried it in my belt behind me, and on most other occasions when I had had a fall it had fallen out. Was it still there? As the lion held me by the right shoulder, I was obliged to reach round and underneath me in order to get at it. It took a long time, as it must be remembered that I was being dragged and trotted on by my captor all the time, but at last I managed it. How I held on to that knife! It was only an ordinary three-inch blade of soft steel, but it meant all the world to me then. I now no longer thought of death or anything else; all my mind and energy were concentrated on not letting go my one last road of escape. After dragging me nearly 200 yards, the lion stopped under a big forked tree with large roots. As he did so, I felt for where I judged his heart

¶ *The Book of the Lion*, by Sir Alfred B. Pease, Bart. Illustrated. London: John Murray, 1913.

to be, and struck him behind the shoulder—one, two—with the energy of despair, using, of course, my left hand. He dropped me at the first stab, but still stood above me growling, and I then struck him a third time in the throat with all the force of which I was capable, severing some large vein or artery, as the blood deluged me. On getting this last stab my adversary sprang away and stood facing me two or three yards off, still growling. I scrambled to my feet, and so we stood opposite to one another. I fully expected him to attack me again, but, recalling what I had often read about the effects of the human voice, I shouted at him at the pitch of my lungs.

“Perhaps the force and volume of my language helped what my good little knife had begun, but anyhow, after what seemed an age, and may have been only a few seconds, the lion turned and was lost to sight in the darkness. I could hear his growls turning to moans, which got fainter and finally ceased, and to my inexpressible relief I felt that I had probably killed him. Before this, however, I had lost no time in getting up the friendly tree as expeditiously as my lacerated right shoulder would permit me.”

He was hardly safe up the tree, however, when the other lion, which had been chasing his horse, guided by the blood, came with a rush to the foot of it. But Mr Wolhuter's big brave dog “Bull” came there, too, and with his barking and dancing in and out so tired the lion that at last it went off sulkily after its companion.

Mr Wolhuter was now feeling very faint and stiff, and fearing he might swoon and fall from the tree, fastened himself to the branches as well as he could with his neckcloth and handkerchief. But soon he heard the voices of his four native boys, who with their three asses had been a few miles behind him. All ended happily. They got him down out of the tree, though not without great difficulty, and then, waving firebrands in their hands in case the lion should return, they carried him the four miles that lay between him and his hut. But it was a fearsome journey, for all the time he fancied he heard stealthy footfalls in the darkness.

Next day the boys went out and found the horse and the rifle, both uninjured, and the lion, which proved to be an old one, “with grey hairs here and there” in its mane, lying—dead! “His stomach was quite empty, and he must have been ravenously hungry.”

Five days afterwards Mr Wolhuter reached Barberton Hospital, and there he speedily recovered.

That is a rare story, and it teaches us never to despair, never to give up hope. No matter how strong a grip Satan or any other enemy seems to have of you, no matter how near or how inevitable death may appear to be, still trust in God, and cry to Him. Remember that brave man Mr Wolhuter, remember Christian, remember Jonah, who was in the worst plight mortal man was ever in in this world: “Out of the belly of hell cried I, and Thou heardest my voice.”



Minister (doing a bit of description): "The hours passed—the night fell—the day broke, and still——"

*Little David, in an excited whisper, scenting something really interesting.
"Mother, how did the night fall and break the day?"*

Heigh thy Words.

Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this.
—Eccl. 7, 10.

IT was a Sabbath morning in April, and the two men, Mr. Williams and Mr. Andrewson, were speaking to one another across the 4-foot wall that separated their gardens. Breakfast and family worship in both their houses were past, and the two men were waiting till their wives and children were ready for church. It was a little after nine, but they had four miles to go.

Mr. Williams was a grumbling, discontented man, who thought he had nothing to learn from anybody, so he daily grew in conceit and ignorance.

"I suppose there never was a more anxious month than this in the country's history," he said.

"It is a solemn time," said Mr. Andrewson.

"I don't suppose there has ever been a time like it."

"A very solemn time, indeed."

"The most critical time our country ever saw," said Mr. Williams.

"A critical time, no doubt," said Mr. Andrewson, "and we do well to pray."

"In fact," said Mr. Williams, "I believe it is unquestionable that there has never been a month like it in either ancient or modern times in the whole world's history. That's what all the newspapers say, and what every intelligent man that I have met says. There never has

been a time like it in the experience of any people or nation."

"Are you remembering the 24th of August, 1572, in France?" said Mr. Andrewson.

"No, I can't say I do. What happened then?"

"That was the day of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. And do you know what happened on the 1st of May, 1545, in Spain? or in Russia on the 2nd of April, 1512? or in Peru in 1544? or in Guatemala in 1524? or in Afghanistan in 1725? or in Thibet in 1318? Do you know a single thing that happened in any part of Asia from the year 550 to the year 1100? or a single thing that happened in China for 2000 years before the Christian era, or 1000 years after?"

"Do you know yourself what happened on these dates in all these countries?" said Mr. Williams.

"Not in the very least," said Mr. Andrewson, "but until I know a little more of the world's history than I do I should hardly think myself justified in using such expressions as you do—'never in the history of any people,' and all that kind of talk."

"I'm only a plain man that knows his Bible and is content with that."

"Well, then, do you know what happened B.C. 2348? or B.C. 538?"

"No."

"Well, the one was the year of the Flood, and the other the date of the Fall of Babylon. But you'll know, of course, what happened A.D. 70? No? It was then that Jerusalem was taken by the Romans, and at that time, our Lord says,

'there should be tribulation such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be''

"Then I understand you to say," said Mr. Williams, "that this has not been a critical month in Britain's history?"

"Oh, no! I only said we should both know a little more before we said it was *the most critical* time in the history of the world either in ancient or modern times. Don't you see? I might say your cabbage

plants are looking very well, but that's a different thing from saying there never were cabbages like them since the world was created."

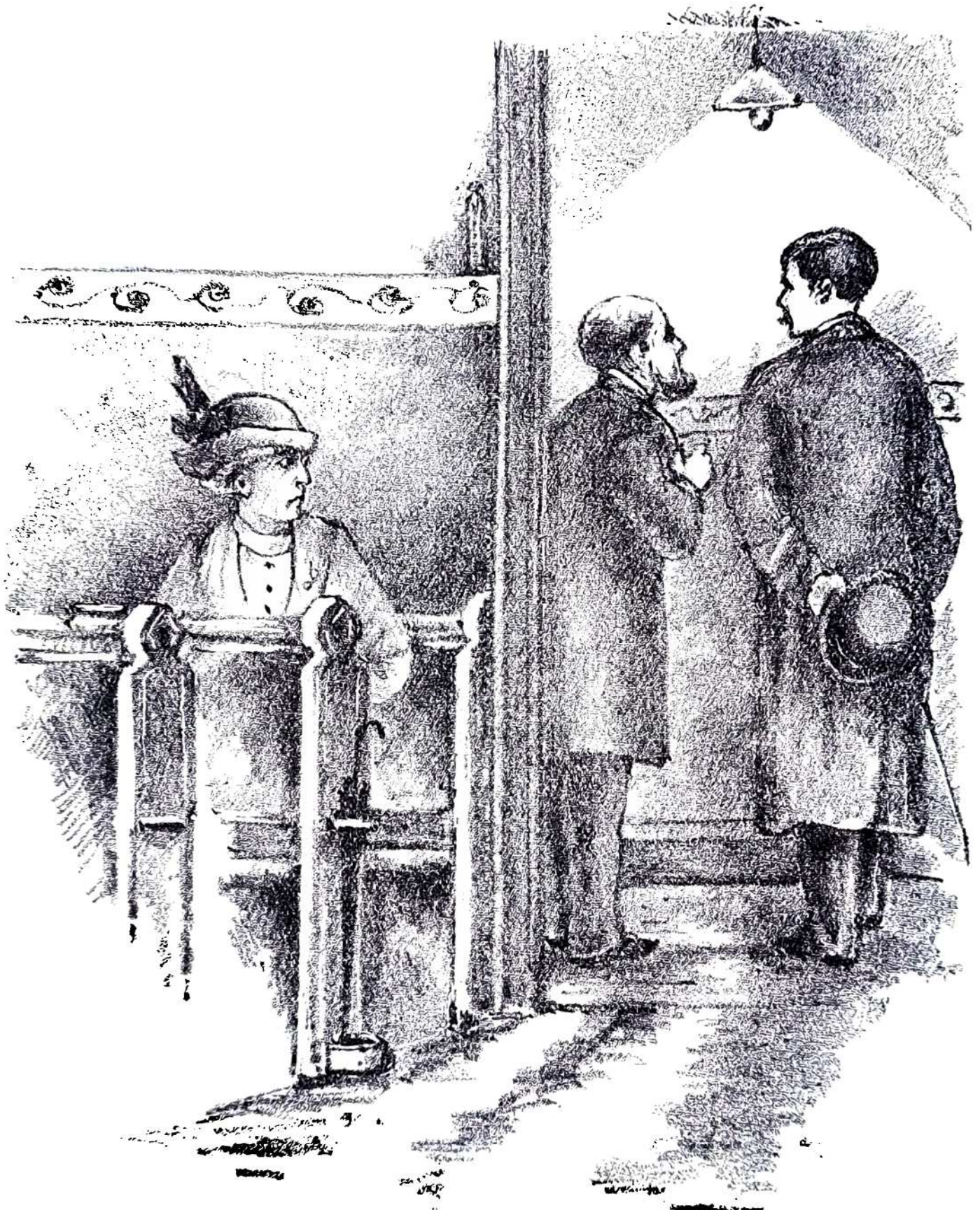
"Nobody was speaking about cabbages," said Mr. Williams.

"Quite true," said Mr. Andrewson. "I was only——" But then he suddenly remembered the text—Prov. 27, 22, "Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him"—and wisely said no more!

Reasons for not going to Church. 16th Series.—No. 5.

This lady is not going back to church any more, and why? Because on Wednesday last, at the prayer meeting, she heard two of the members discussing her age, and one of them said, "She's more than sixty." She was the only person in the church—for she had gone a little earlier than usual, having some shopping to do on the way—so that the remark could apply to nobody but her. And she is not over sixty; indeed, she won't be fifty-nine till the 10th of this month. But whether or not, it doesn't matter. The members of that church may be Christians, but no gentleman would have insulted a lonely woman that way.

Now, what happened was this. It had been a singularly beautiful warm sunny day. And one of the elders, coming into the porch, had said to the church-officer, "This has been a wonderful day, but there's a cold wind to-night. I hope you have the church nicely heated." And the church-officer had said, "I was afraid it might be cold after sunset, and I put on the fires early. I think the church is very comfortable. I was looking at the thermometer not five minutes ago, but I'll go and have another look. . . . Ay, she's just over 60."



1	F	Not a sparrow is forgotten before God.— <i>Luke 12, 6.</i>
2	S	They cast their garments upon the colt.— <i>Luke 19, 35.</i> “Goldwin Smith (a great Oxford scholar) would take a hard-bottomed chair rather than disturb a cat which had occupied his soft comfortable armed one.”— <i>Arnold Haultain.</i>
3	S	They that were ready.— <i>Matt. 25, 10.</i>
4	M	Your time is always ready.— <i>John 7, 6.</i>
5	TU	Take heed lest that day come upon you unawares,
6	W	For as a snare it shall come.— <i>Luke 21, 34.</i>
7	TH	Ready armed.— <i>Josh. 4, 13.</i> “The Turks never fixed bayonets till the last possible moment, and were often caught defenceless when the final encounter took place—unable to draw and fix their bayonets in time. The Bulgarians kept theirs permanently fixed.”— <i>Major Howell's Lectures on The Campaign in Thrace.</i>
8	F	Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God,
9	S	That ye may be able to withstand in the evil day.— <i>Eph. 6, 13.</i>
10	S	Your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about.— <i>1 Peter 5, 8.</i>
11	M	Remember them that would have put me in fear.— <i>Neh. 7, 14.</i>
12	TU	Is thy God able to deliver thee from the lions?— <i>Dan. 6, 20.</i>
13	W	Who through faith stopped the mouths of lions.— <i>Heb. 11, 33.</i>
14	TH	Thou shalt tread upon the lion.— <i>Psa. 91, 13.</i> “There is no sound which issues from the throat of any creature to compare with that of the lion's voice. . . . Its roar consists of an ascending scale of half-a-dozen awfully deep, loud, moaning, reverberating roars, ending either with a sigh that makes the air quiver, or low rumbling growls which shake the earth.”— <i>Sir Alfred E. Pease, Bart.</i>
15	F	And Samson said, Out of the eater came forth meat.— <i>Jud. 14, 14.</i>
16	S	An highway shall be there No lion shall be there.— <i>Is. 35, 8.</i>
17	S	The robe of righteousness.— <i>Is. 61, 10.</i>
18	M	I desire that women adorn themselves not with costly raiment.— <i>1 Tim. 2, 9.</i>
19	TU	But (which becometh women professing godliness) through good works.
20	W	The daughters of Zion are haughty.— <i>Is. 3, 16.</i> “The trouble is that a fashion which may be possible one week is impossible the next for the woman who insists on being in the front ranks; constant change is imperative.”— <i>“The Times,” Fashion Letter, April 6.</i>
21	TH	The incorruptible apparel of a meek and quiet spirit,
22	F	Which is in the sight of God of great price.— <i>1 Peter 3, 3. R.V.</i>
23	S	After this manner the holy women aforetime adorned themselves.
24	S	Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.— <i>Lev. 10, 18.</i>
25	M	They desire the chief places at feasts.— <i>Mark 12, 39. R.V.</i>
26	TU	Then Lot chose him all the Plain of Jordan.— <i>Gen. 13, 11.</i>
27	W	Another steppeth down before me.— <i>John 5, 7.</i> “His daughter was once carefully choosing the best fruit in the greengrocer's. My father said to her, ‘You should leave the best for other people.’”— <i>Life of Rev. J. Denholm Brash.</i>
28	TH	Seemeth it a small thing to have fed upon the good pasture,
29	F	But ye must tread down the residue of your pasture?
30	S	My sheep eat that which ye have trodden with your feet.— <i>Ezek. 34, 18.</i>
31	S	He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.— <i>Psa. 23, 2.</i>

June, 1914.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. 27.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 6.



*"Encompassed with Butterflies in June,
With Angels all the year."*

NOW READY.

The Morning Watch Volume for 1913.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

Volumes 1 to 15, 1888-1892, are out of print,
but Volumes 16 to 25, 1903-1912, may still be had.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.
London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59
Ludgate Hill, E.C.

The Dead Canary.

IT was found dead in its cage on Monday morning, the 11th of May. It was a gift from a friend fourteen years ago, so that it died in a good old age. It was a very pretty bird, and had "points" that showed it came of well-bred ancestors. It was a good singer in its prime, always joining with us lustily at morning and evening family worship. But we could see it thought we sang far too few verses. A Psalm like the 119th, sung to a "repeating" tune, was the kind it would have liked.

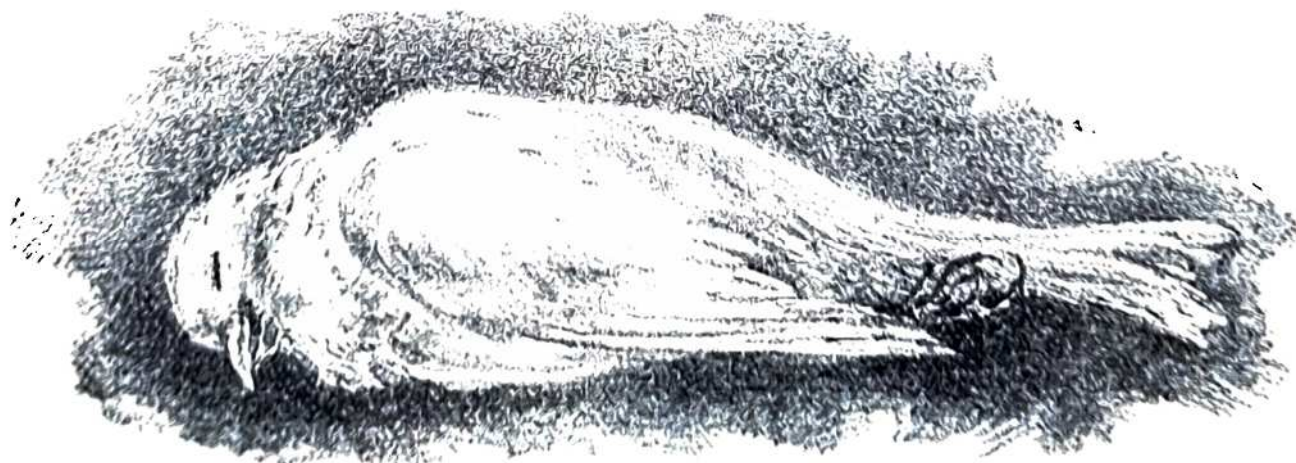
One could have wished to say a few farewell words to our faithful little friend, to thank it for all its

cheery contentedness and comforting companionship. In its first week with me it thrust its head one day between two wires, and was rescued when almost at its last gasp, but never once afterwards did it give us a moment's anxiety.

Twice seven years it served, "yet had it no wages for the service that it served," and it died on one of the loveliest mornings of the year, when the dandelions in our garden—a savoury food that its soul loved—were coming to their best. Yet I doubt not God gave it many happy dreams by night and delightful imaginings at times by day. Creatures that sing so constantly cannot be unhappy. He Who made them must have continual access to their minds when they are well, and He will not fail them at the end.

In his poem, *Consider the Ravens*, George MacDonald says :

"But next I see, in my endeavour,
That birds here do not live for ever ;
That cold or hunger, sickness or age,
Finishes their earthly stage ;
The rook drops without a stroke,
And never gives another croak ;
Birds lie here, and birds lie there,
With little feathers all astare ;
And in Thy Own sermon, Thou
That the sparrow falls dost allow.



It shall not cause me any alarm,
For neither so comes the bird to harm,
Seeing our Father, Thou hast said,
Is by the sparrow's dying bed ;
Therefore it is a blessed place,
And the sparrow in high grace."

Yes, little birds must have many

great glad hours, but perhaps the
greatest and gladdest of all is the
hour when God comes to say good-
bye to them. If He stands by the
sparrow's dying bed, we may be sure
He is not there for nothing !

Concerning Birthdays,

(Continued from page 53.)

82nd
Birth-
day.

Lady John Russell, whose husband was twice Prime Minister, wrote thus on November 15, 1897 : "82 this day. God be praised for all He has given to brighten my old age. God be praised that I am still able to love, to think, to rejoice, and to mourn with those dear to me. But the burden of wasted years of a long life, on which I see failure on every side, is weighty and painful, and can never be lightened. I can only pray that the few steps left to me to take may be on a holier path—the narrow path that leads to God. My own blessings only brought more vividly to my mind the masses of toiling, struggling, poverty-stricken fellow-creatures, from whom the pressure of want shuts out the light of life. My Agatha well, weather beautiful, and seventy very happy boys and girls from the school to see a ventriloquist and his acting dolls. The children's shouts of laughter delightful to hear." She died 17th January, 1898.

83rd

"May 1, 1852. It is the old Duke's birthday ; he is eighty-three to-day. I never see him ride without a painful interest. I look at him every time with the thought that this may be the last."—*Macaulay's Diary*. The Duke of Wellington died on the 14th September following.

The Earl of Cranbrook (Gathorne Hardy) was out shooting on his 83rd birthday "till four o'clock without fatigue."

On July 8, 1873, Baron Coleridge, afterwards the Lord Chief Justice of England, great-nephew of the poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge, wrote thus from Westminster Hall to his father :—"From the bottom of my heart I wish you joy of your eighty-third birthday, and I do earnestly hope that you may have at least seventeen more of them. I know that you must lie down in earth at last, but I hope and pray that before that, like Paul, 'I may be somewhat filled with your company,' which I am not yet. . . . You are dearer than ever now, dearer every year you live ; and, when it pleases God to take you to Himself, half the interest and pleasure and sunshine of my life will go with you."

On his 83rd birthday, 6th Aug., 1892, two months before his death,

83rd
Birth-
day.

Tennyson got a letter which greatly pleased him from a Yorkshire working man. Here is a part of it : "All hail to your Lordship. I wish your Lordship God's Speed with vigorous health and strength to enjoy life with although ripe old age of 83 it's not too late yet to enjoy life and I see no reason God helping you that you should not live to celebrate your 100 Birthday. May God smile upon you on this your 83rd Birthday. . . . Edward Wilkinson."

On the same occasion Tennyson's brother-in-law, Mr Lushington, long time professor of Greek in Glasgow University, wrote, "May the day be blessed to you and all who are dear to you, and may the year bring more blessing as it goes forward, must be the warm wish of all who have felt the knowledge of you and your writings to be amongst the greatest blessings of their life. Year after year my deep love and admiration has grown though I have not often of late had the opportunity of expressing it, as we now so seldom meet." Mr Lushington died the following July.

Tennyson himself, writing on August 13, 1892, to Sir Henry Parkes, K.C.M.G., said : "I have entered my 84th year. I have entirely lost, as far as reading is concerned, the use of my right eye, and I fear the left is going in the same way."

Mr Midlane, the author of the hymn—"There's a Friend for Little Children"—sent these lines to the London "Daily News" on his 83rd birthday, six years ago :—

"Life's calm has sweetly come,
Its waves no longer roar,
Its eye is on the nearing home,
Upon the restful shore.

'Twere better youth were age
Than age were youth again ;
Youth is regardless of the page
Which age would fear to stain.

Grace, now the better known,
Holds constant watch within,
Hears well each whisper from the throne
To guard the soul from sin.

'Tis contemplation calm,
'Tis radiant forecast given,
Life's closing, tranquil, happy psalm,
The vestibule of heaven."

Lord Stowell, an English Judge who died in his 91st year in 1836, wrote in his 81st year to a friend—"Lord Stowell is glad to observe that Mr Craddock's 83rd year has made little impression on his vivacity, and he trusts it has made as little on his health. Lord Stowell, though a little younger, feels that time presses more heavily on both in his own case."

The Bzzing Bee.

CHAPTER 1.

JEANIE RENDLESHAW and her two companions, after helping their mothers as much as they could in the house one Saturday forenoon in May, had got leave to go out and play for an hour at the skipping-ropes. It was a dull chilly morning after three lovely warm days. They were just beginning their game when they noticed a great big Bumble Bee lying on the pavement, evidently overcome with cold, not dead, but how near to death they could not say. They were afraid to touch it, partly because they might hurt it, and partly because they feared it might hurt them.

They were wondering what they were to do, when Jeanie, who had always her wits about her, saw a clean bit of paper lying on the street, and near it a feather from a young crow's wing. (That young crow got a thrashing from its hot-tempered mother for losing the feather, the third it had lost in two days; but that is "another story" that does not concern us at present.) With the paper Jeanie made a little bag, and then with the feather very gently swept the Bee into it, and took it home to her mother, her companions going with her.

Perhaps it was the motion of their running, perhaps the shelter of the bag, most likely from the warmth that came from two little hands and three loving hearts—but, so it was, the Bee began to revive and come to itself, and then you should have heard the noise it made with its wings as they vibrated hundreds

and hundreds of times—I can't tell you how many—in a minute. Books tell us that if a man could speak as loudly as a grasshopper can in comparison to his size as compared with it, he could be heard quite easily in St. Petersburg if he spoke in Edinburgh. Happily there are so many other kinds of voices in the world that God has given us—written words, and kindly gifts, and delightful memories—that we do not need to shake the world with a voice of thunder in order to be heard; the still small voice that God has given us is all we need. But that Bee did make such a noise that an engineer would have said it reminded him of the uproar a torpedo-destroyer makes when she is undergoing some of her steam trials, as she lies firmly moored by stout hawsers alongside a quay-wall.

CHAPTER 2.

When the little paper bag was emptied on the table the Bee, for all the noise it had been making, lay very still and helpless for a little. Then Jeanie got some finely sifted sugar, and poured it in front of it, some of it falling on the little invalid's back. That roused it a bit. Perhaps it reminded it of the hail or the tiny snowflakes it had seen the week before. But at any rate it cleared it all off, and then, without tasting one particle of it, suddenly made a dash for the window, and, of course, knocked its head against the pane, and fell down on the floor.

Poor little Jeanie was greatly grieved at this. She was sure it must have knocked its brains out, and bees have a lot of brains! or at



least have cracked its skull, or dislocated its neck. But whether it is that bees and other insects have reversible brakes of enormous power that they can put on in the hundredth part of a moment, or that their necks are like the long patent fixed buffers that we see at the great railway termini, I do not know, but certainly they stand knocks that would do for you and me.

Jeanie lifted the poor creature once more with the feather—and strange to say it was at that very instant the little crow that had lost it was getting another thrashing, for its mother was in a bad mood that day—and as that moment the sun shone out, she opened the window wide, and out and away like a flying machine went the Bee, as if it had been fired from a cannon!

CHAPTER 3.

And it had neither said, nor felt, "Thank you!" Worse than that, it was as angry—one dare not say as angry as a Christian, for that would be impossible—but as angry as a wasp, and that, we know, is very bad. Oh, if you had but seen that Bee's face, the wrinkles on its brow, and the passion and hatred in its eyes! Several birds and a great many little insects noticed it, and spoke of it for days afterwards. One bird remembered it two whole years.

And as for the Bee itself, it fretted and fumed and raged all day, and had not a civil word for anybody, and suspected everybody of all kinds of insults and injuries, and harped about the cruel wrongs it had received from three wicked, wicked little girls, and wished that it had a

hundred stings, each of them one-and-a-half inches long, to stick into them, and that would be a lesson to them to meddle with the like of it in the future! And the Bee didn't know, and never suspected that these three little girls were three good Samaritans, and that but for them, it would have been a frozen corpse, and would have missed the finest summer and the best honey season there had been for three generations—generations of bees, of course, I mean.

Oh how it raged, and how, one way and another, it made every other bee it met rage, that day! I don't suppose many of you have ever seen a bear robbed of her whelps, but if you have, that bear would have reminded you of that Bee!

CHAPTER 4.

And the Moral of the story, though some of you, perhaps, didn't want the Moral, is simply this. You and I are that raging Bee! Many a day God the Father and God the Son and God the Holy Ghost do us great kindnesses, keeping our feet from falling and our eyes from tears and our souls from death, that we may walk now and for ever in the light of the living, and we not only give God no thanks, but we count Him our unceasing enemy.

Did you ever read in the first chapter of Deuteronomy the cruel thing the Israelites said? "Because the Lord *hated* us, He hath brought us forth out of the land of Egypt" Because the Lord *hated* us! That Lord Whose Name, Whose greatest Name, is—LOVE!

The Unused Wall.

*And about the eleventh hour
He went out, and found
others standing; and He
saith unto them, Why stand
ye here all the day idle?
They say unto Him, Because
no man hath hired us.—
Matt. 20, 6. R.V.*

CHAPTER I.

WHEN our minister preached on that text, he said, that while it was true that many, if not most, of those who stood idle were idle because they didn't wish to work, it was also true that some people, for a time at least, didn't get a chance to work. And he said further, that it was our duty to give people who had either time or talent that was unused a chance, if we could, to make some use of their neglected gifts. Mr. and Mrs. Dysart, who had been hard workers all their life, didn't agree with the minister in this, and as they dozed a good deal during the latter part of the sermon, they naturally said the minister didn't make that point very clear.

One of the Minor Prophets—try to find out which one; it is one with very few chapters in it—tells us that if we do wrong, "the stone shall cry out of the wall" against us. And so it was with our old friends that Sabbath evening. For, as they were sitting reading at the window, the setting sun made the long brick wall that bounded the path that led up to their house a glorious warm dark red, and then suddenly Mr. Dysart said, "There's a wall that has been lying idle the six years we

have been here, and it might now have been bearing fruit like Mrs. Abercrombie's. I wonder we never thought of that."

"I often thought about that," said his wife, "and I spoke about it, too, but you paid no attention to me."

"Well," said her husband, "I daresay you did. But we won't spend time quarrelling over that. We have lost enough time already, and we mustn't lose any more."

The very next day they consulted a wise gardener, and he picked out some young fruit trees for them, plums, pears, cherries, and apples.

CHAPTER 2.

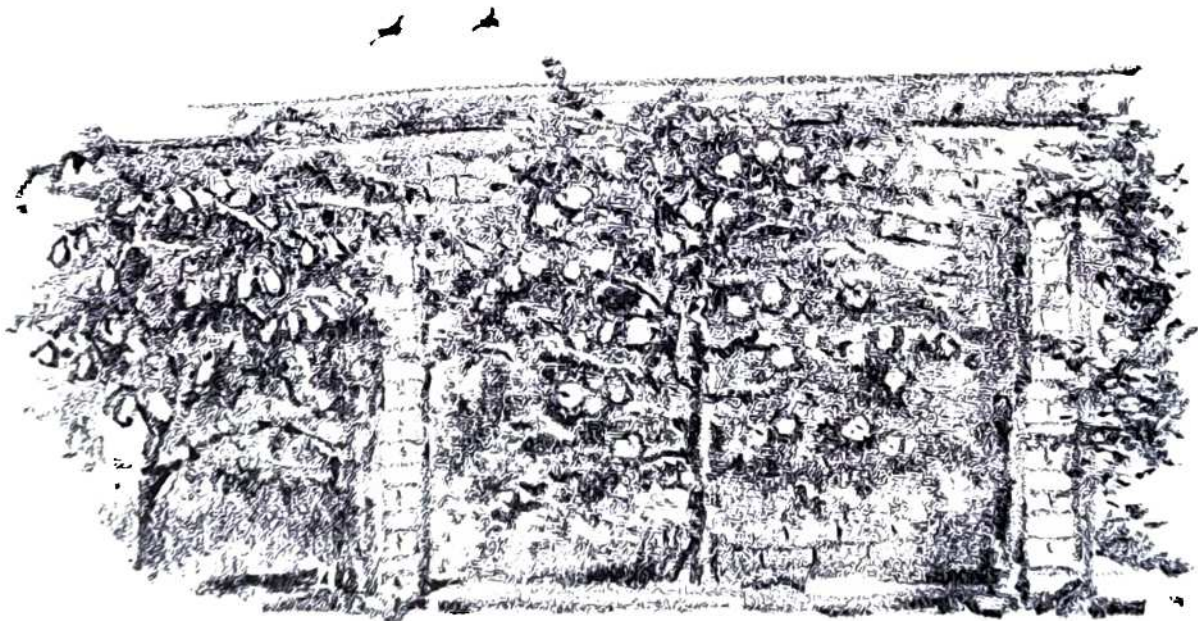
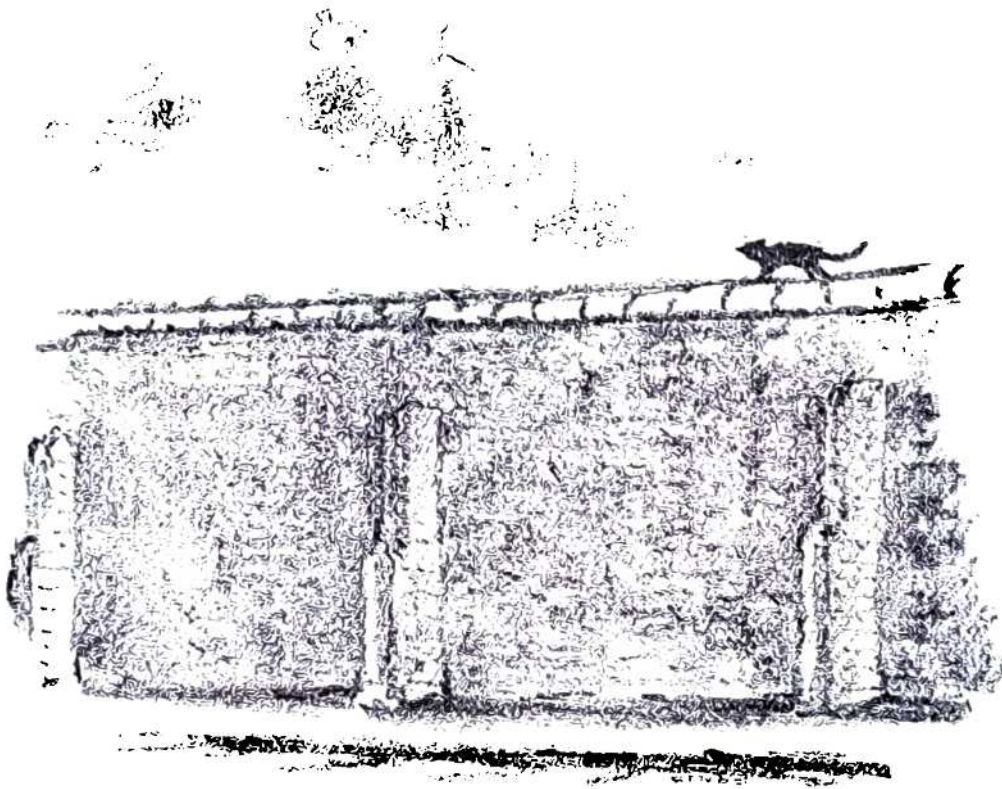
Other six years were now past, and the blossoms on the trees foretold that that summer, if there was no nipping frost or wind in the mornings, there would be fruit for the first time on every one of them!

And so there was, and the stones seemed to cry out of the wall for joy, and many a little child, whom the old folks brought in from the road, clapped its hands.

CHAPTER 3.

Their lease ran out that year at the November term, but their landlord, a hard man who was perfectly mad at the Government because he had to pay £1 10s more of income tax for his "unearned income"—"downright robbery" he called it—when he saw how beautiful they had made the place, refused to renew the lease unless they paid £5 more of rent.

And the old folks had to leave.



Some of their friends advised them to consult a lawyer and find out if they couldn't take the trees away with them, but they said—"No; we don't want the wall to be crying out against us after we are away. We sinned enough against it

for six long years." So they left the trees, and left them in the finest possible condition for the new tenant. But the landlord, when he lies awake at night thinking about his rents, sometimes fancies he hears the wall crying out against *him*!

Reasons for not going to Church. 16th Series.—No. 6.

That man was one of the many thousands who stayed away from "the House of God" on the 10th of May to see the great Cunard steamer Aquitania pass down the river Clyde. As he walked up and down Princes Pier waiting for her, he was not very sure at times if he had done right, but he quieted his conscience, and the consciences of a good many others to whom he spoke, by making remarks of a half-religious kind, such as: "Ay, what a wonderful thing the human mind is!" "How extraordinary the constant advances of knowledge! To think that the ship in which Columbus discovered America could have gone into one of the Aquitania's funnels!" "What a history that ship will have! How many people's destinies it will affect!" "What a difference between that calm stretch of water and the wild North Atlantic Ocean when the Winter gales set in!" "What a fearful thing a hurricane must be! I wonder ministers don't pray for sailors more than they do!"

Every Sabbath forenoon since, he has gone down to Princes Pier with some friend or other, to show him where he was standing that day when he caught his first sight of her. "The Pier was black with people who had been waiting a long time, and we could see no sign of her, but just as we were wondering if anything had gone wrong, the haze lifted and we suddenly saw her at that far away bend. I was standing at this very spot at the time, talking to a very good fellow, and, do you know, it has made Princes Pier have a lot of solemn associations for me ever since!"



1	M	His Name is JAH.— <i>Ps. 68, 4-6. R.V.</i>
2	Tu	A Father of the fatherless.
3	W	God setteth the solitary in families. "When God does not send children, then somebody else sends nephews and nieces."— <i>Spanish Proverb.</i>
4	Th	In Thee the fatherless findeth mercy.— <i>Hos. 14, 3.</i>
5	F	Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive.— <i>Jer. 49, 11.</i>
6	S	The chief captain took Paul's nephew by the hand.— <i>Acts 23, 16-22.</i>
7	S	I remember Thee upon my bed.— <i>Ps. 63, 6.</i>
8	M	And meditate on Thee in the night watches. Mr. Hutton in <i>Highways in Shakespeare's Country</i> quotes a blackletter inscription from Clopton House: Whether you rise earlie Or go to bed late Remember Jesus Christ That died for your sake.
9	Tu	When I awake I am still with Thee.— <i>Ps. 139, 18.</i>
10	W	I have set the Lord always before me.— <i>Ps. 16, 8.</i>
11	Th	Christ hath once suffered for sins.— <i>1 Pet. 3, 18.</i>
12	F	The Just for the unjust,
13	S	That He might bring us to God.
14	S	When will the Sabbath be gone?— <i>Amos 8, 5.</i>
15	M	Detained before the Lord.— <i>1 Sam. 21, 7.</i> "I ran up to my room with your letter, and when I issued forth again, prayers (family worship) were over! What luck!"— <i>From an Old Letter.</i>
16	Tu	Thou has been weary of Me, O Israel.— <i>Is. 43, 22.</i>
17	W	Ye have snuffed at the table of the Lord.— <i>Mal. 1, 13.</i>
18	Th	Israel would none of Me.— <i>Ps. 81, 11.</i>
19	F	Away with Him, away with Him.— <i>John 19, 15.</i>
20	S	How often would I . . . and ye would not!— <i>Matt. 23, 37.</i>
21	S	Many say of my soul, There is no help for him in God.— <i>Ps. 3, 2.</i>
22	M	Why art thou cast down? I shall yet praise Him.— <i>Ps. 43, 5.</i>
23	Tu	The terror of God.— <i>Gen. 35, 5.</i> "If a lion catches you, do not give up hope. Remember a lion will sometimes go off and leave his victim of his own accord."— <i>Sir A. E. Pease, Bart.</i>
24	W	There were they in great fear, where no fear was.— <i>Ps. 53, 5.</i> Rabshakeh shall hear a rumour.— <i>Is. 37, 7.</i>
25	Th	The Lord made the Syrians hear a noise.— <i>2 Kings 7, 6.</i>
26	F	The sound of a driven leaf shall chase them.— <i>Lev. 26, 36. R.V.</i>
27	S	The iron gate opened to them of its own accord.— <i>Acts 12, 10.</i>
28	S	Our holy and our beautiful house.— <i>Is. 64, 11.</i>
29	M	What have they seen in thine house?— <i>Is. 39, 4.</i> "I remember when I was very ill at Cruigenputtock thinking that, if I died, all my drawers would be found in the most perfect order; and there was more satisfaction in the thought than you (a man) can conceive."— <i>Mrs. Carlyle's Letters. 4 Aug., 1850.</i>
30	Tu	She looketh well to the ways of her household.— <i>Prov. 31, 27.</i>

The Morning Watch.

VOL. 27.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 7.

"Defraud Not."



Lady Emily : " Sir James, who is waiting for me in the motor, says I must get my next hats from Paris. This one is a perfect fright. He is not going to patronise local industries any more."

Milliner : " If it's me he calls 'local industries,' Lady Emily, please tell Sir James that you are owing me for your last ten hats, besides the five feather boas you bought three years ago."

NOW READY.

The Morning Watch Volume for 1913.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

*Volumes 1 to 15, 1888-1892, are out of print,
but Volumes 16 to 25, 1903-1912, may still be had.*

*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.
London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

"The Cock Crew."

Is it not a strange thing that on the greatest of all days in time or eternity, when God had so many things on His mind, such things as neither man nor Angel can ever comprehend, He thought about the crowing of a cock?

Is it not a strange thing that on the day on which God forsook His Own Son, not a sparrow on any house-top in Jerusalem, or a living creature, great or small, in all the world, was forgotten by Him?

Is it not a strange thing that as long as the Death of Christ is remembered—and that will be for ever and ever—the crowing of that bird will be spoken of, even as in

the council of the Godhead it was spoken of before times eternal?

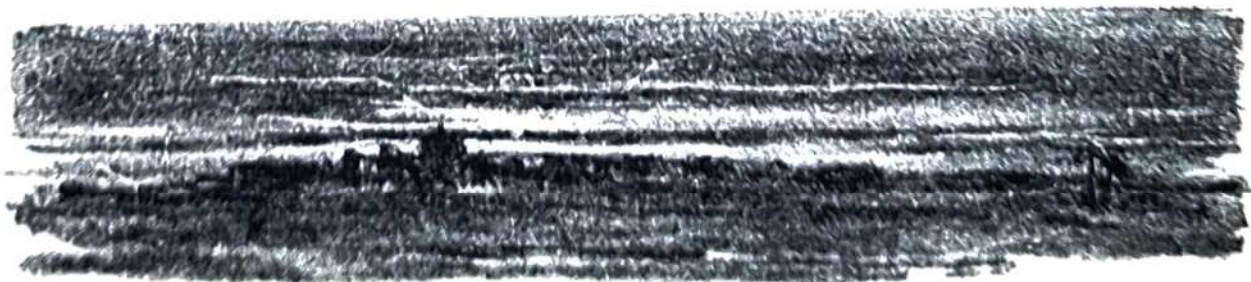
And the bird did not know it!

When Charles I. was on his way to the Battle of Edgehill, in October, 1642, he met a Mr. Richard Shuckburgh merrily going a-hunting. The man had never heard that civil war had broken out.

Even so, at this moment, there are many in England and Scotland who do not know the distress of mind of people in Ireland a few hours' sail from our own doors. And there are many in that land in fear of things that may, or may not, happen to them in the future, who are not aware of the wars and the slaughter that are going on already in Mexico, in Albania, in China.

When Charles bade Shuckburgh turn and follow him, he did it, there and then, and was sore wounded in the fight that followed.

At this moment the King of Kings is praying not a stonecast from us. If in our ignorance we cannot *pray* with Him, shall we not at least *watch* with Him for one short hour? It is good to have Him say to us, "Ye are they which have continued with Me in My temptation."



Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 64.)

83rd
Birth-
day.

"31st October, 1703. This day, being 83 years of age, upon examining what concerned me, more particularly this past year, with the great mercies of God preserving me, and in the same measure making my infirmities tolerable, I gave God most humble and hearty thanks, beseeching Him to confirm to me the pardon of my sin past, and to prepare me for a better life by the virtue of His grace and mercy, for the sake of my blessed Saviour.—*John Evelyn's Diary*.

"April 28th, 1884.—My birthday, and I have now struck the figure of *eighty-three*. It is wonderful, it is miraculous, with my infirmities, and even sufferings, of body, with sensible decline of mental application and vigour, I yet retain, by God's mercy, some power to think and to act. May He grant, for Christ's sake, that, to my last hour, I may be engaged in His service, and in the full knowledge of all that is around and before me! Cobden used to say of D'Israeli—'What a retrospect that man will have!' Retrospect must be terrible to every one who measures and estimates his hopes by the discharge of his duties here on earth. . . . But what are the prospects? They may be bright, joyous, certain, in the faith and fear of the Lord Jesus."—*The Earl of Shaftesbury's Diary*.

84th

The year after, Lord Shaftesbury wrote: "My birthday—this day I am eighty-four! God be merciful to me a sinner. A most terrible day to me for pain and irritation. But got, the Lord be praised, a birthday present. Some ladies, knowing how the Jewish Cyprus Colonisation Scheme pressed upon my mind, had collected £640 to clear the debt off, and presented it to me at Lady Eastlake's. The Lord be praised, and may His blessing descend on the contributors." He died the following October. During his last illness he often asked his daughter to read the 23rd psalm to him. His last words were, "Thank you," addressed to a faithful man-servant.

Mrs. Jean Balderston, step-sister of the great Secession ministers, Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine, and widow of an Edinburgh surgeon, wrote thus in her Diary: "June 28, 1737, was my birthday. I had lain all night waking and saw day break. Then, the sun shining upon the wall of the room, I cried, 'O that the Sun of Righteousness would arise and shine upon dead and dark me;' and it was said unto me, 'Arise and shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.' This was a sweet close of my fourscore-and-four, and a sweet beginning of my eighty-five. Nevertheless, the battle with Satan and unbelief began to vex me. But I am under the care of my dear and kind Lord. . . . While I am here I must look for a new battle; but, blessed be His name, I am allowed

84th
Birth-
day.

to seek a new supply out of that inexhaustible fulness of God in Christ my Lord. This is my anchor hold sure and within the veil—at last will draw me home. Then shall I ever be with the Lord, which I long for—to behold His glory.”

There is only one other entry in her Diary : “ This is the third day of July—the Lord’s day. Confined to my room through age and weakness. But my Lord is not confined, but can visit desolate widows, left of all earthly comfort. . . . O come, Lord Jesus ; come, take Thy Own room in my soul, for I am Thine. I know He hath said He will come, shall come, and will not tarry ; and hath said, ‘ Behold, I come quickly.’ Even so, come. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus ; and I set to my Amen.”

She died on the 19th October, 1738. Her descendants are still living in Edinburgh.

“ O what a length of mercy ! ” were the words Mrs. Ann Gilbert, the authoress, wrote in her Diary on January 30th, 1866, her eighty-fourth birthday. She died on the 20th December following.

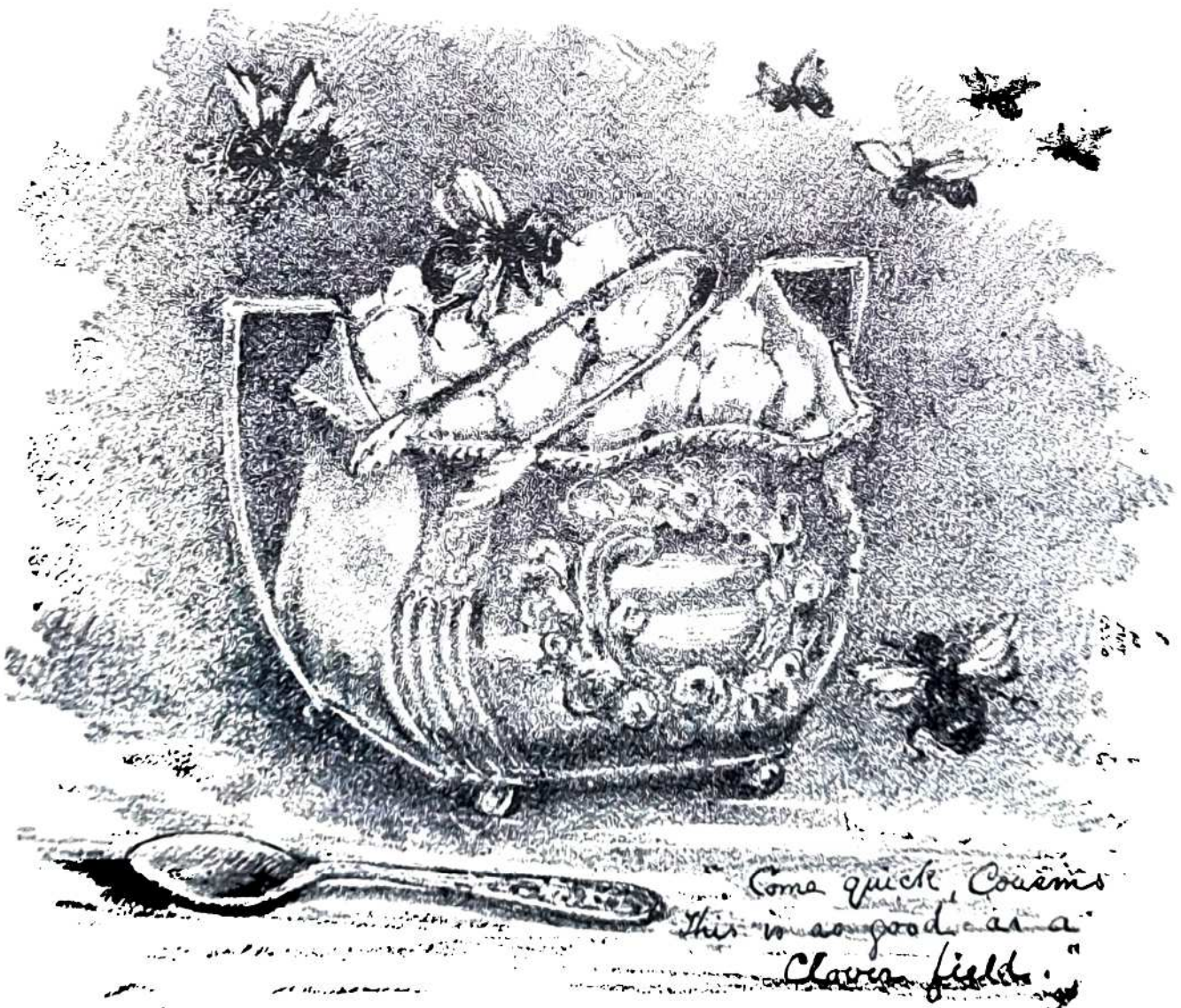
“ 4th Dec., 1879. My 84th birthday. Oh dear ! ” — *Thomas Carlyle*.

The late Duke of Cambridge, cousin to Queen Victoria, began to keep a Diary on his ninth birthday—March 26, 1819. The first entry tells how happy he was at being allowed to lift his little baby sister out of bed. He wrote it up daily for 75 years. When he was 84 he wrote : “ I find it so difficult to keep up my Diary that I regret to say I must give it up, but age tells so much now upon me that I have no alternative. Thus, then, ends my Diary. I give it up with reluctance and great regret. I possibly might carry on a little longer, and I will try to do so—at all events, for a little longer.” His last entry is dated November 5—“ Inkermann Day ! ” He died four months afterwards.

In the town of Dallas, Texas, U.S.A., on December 1, 1908, a Mr. W. C. Brown, familiarly known as “ Uncle Billy,” celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday by entertaining seventy-six guests to dinner. The company included all the widows in his neighbourhood who were able to attend. Uncle Billy, says the newspaper of the time, from which I quote, enjoyed himself immensely, so much so that he opened his purse and distributed \$100, or about £20, in nickels, or as we would say, in threepenny-bits and sixpences, amongst the youngsters of the town, none of whom, we may be sure, were too young or too unwell to be present. He also gave each of the widows a present, and announced his intention of having a similar celebration every year as long as he lived. Whether there were any subsequent gatherings or not I do not know. One of the things he said to his guests was that he was glad his birthday fell in the fall of the year ; autumn seemed so much the more appropriate season. He told them also—though some of them, I am sure, would not like the remark—that he was glad most of them were in the autumn of their lives.

84th
Birth-
day.

Dean Merivale wrote to his son Charles from Ely, 11th March, 1891, "I thank you for remembering and signaling my birthday. I am doing very well in my 84th year. I remember very well Uncle Charles Drury in his latter days remarking, 'the Heath's and Drury's seem to have generally lived to 84, let us stick to it.' My decrepit writing must be very trying to your young sight. I begin, quite recently, to feel my eyes fail a good deal by candle light, and don't know what I shall do if my reading powers decline. I generally occupy myself with a book 6 or 8 hours in the day. I tried a chapter of Thackeray the other day, but without success. I am sorry to say I have quite outgrown Swift's works." But he took to reading his own *History of the Romans under the Empire* which he had quite forgotten, and found it very interesting!"



Lieut. Bowers.

*The price of a virtuous woman
is far above rubies.
Her children arise up and
call her blessed.—Prov. 31,
10, 28.*

YOU have not forgotten, I hope, the names of the Five Men who died on the way back from the South Pole—Captain Scott, Edgar Evans, Lawrence Oates, Edward Wilson, and Henry Bowers.

Lieut. Bowers, you may remember, was a Greenock man, and the more one finds out about him, the more one loves him and admires him.

"Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed."

A friend in Canada who had the honour and happiness to be very intimate with him has most kindly sent me, with the permission of Mr. Bowers' mother, some of his letters to read. The accompanying extract in facsimile will, I am sure, be read with interest. It is taken from a long letter written very hurriedly eight years ago on board the Royal Indian Marine Service ship *Dufferin* on the eve of her departure for Calcutta and Rangoon. The sentence I quote is taken from a part of the letter in which he asks to be remembered to the young man's mother and all her family, sending a separate message for each of them by name. "I am quite sure you chaps will succeed in

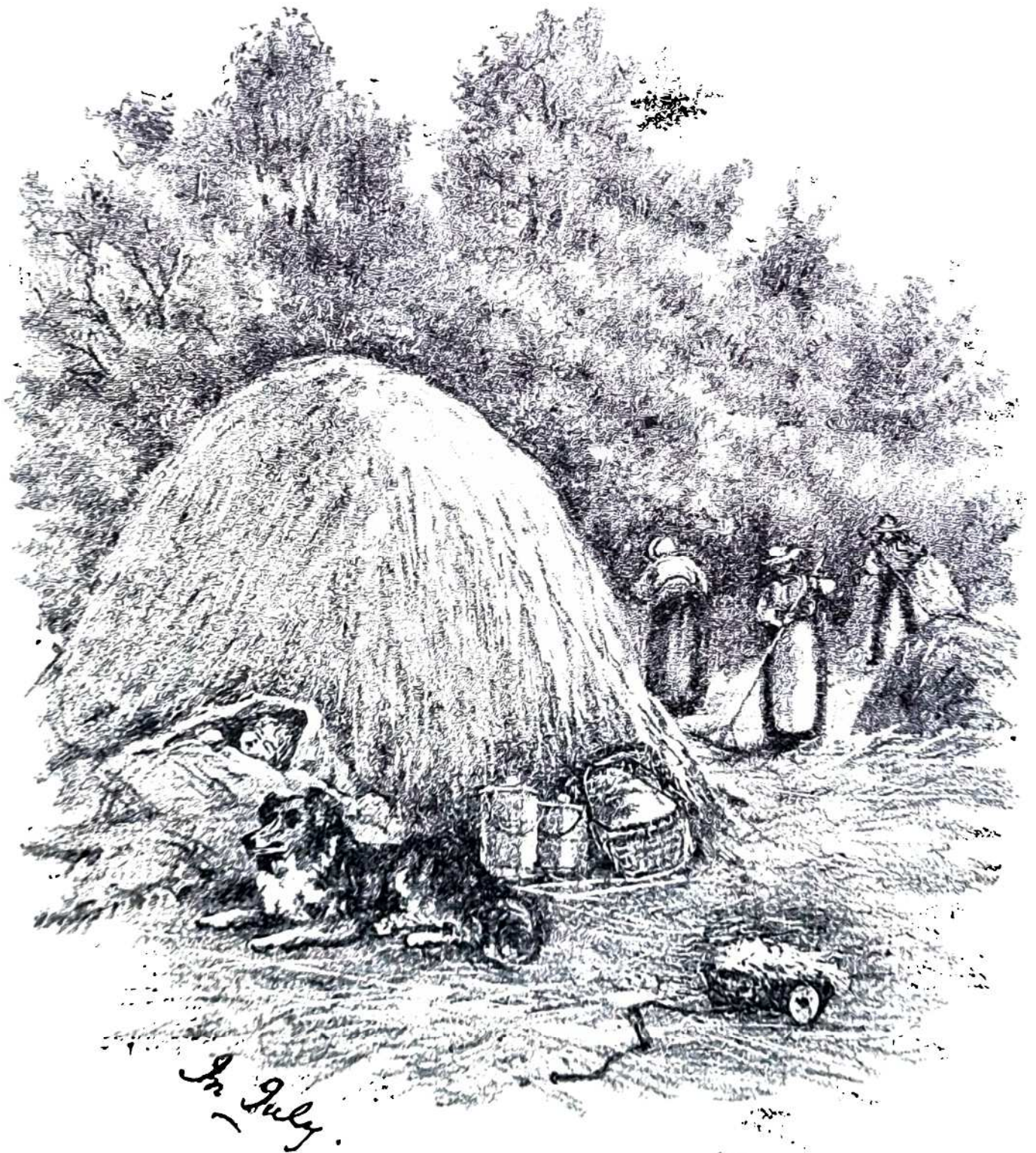
life exceptionally—thanks to your good mother's bringing up. A good mother is a thing to thank God for, I assure you."

It seems strange that a man who brought so much honour to his

*is a thing to thank God for
I assure you.
Bowie
8. 2. 06
A good mother
to thank God
I am sure
Lieut. Bowers*

father and mother should have died so young. Yet the promise annexed to the Fifth Commandment has not been broken, for "whilst Fame hath a trumpet left her and any

breath to blow therein," yes, as long as the world lasts, that which he and his comrades did shall be told for a memorial of them.



A Happy Blunder.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength because of Thine enemies.—Ps. 8, 2.

A YOUNG mother told me a few weeks ago that her son, not quite four, had made what was, so far as she knew, his first attempt at humour. Coming jumping into the breakfast-room, he had been saluted by his grandfather with the words, "Good morning, Master Jumper!" and thereupon had answered, "Good morning, Mr. Sitter!" and, turning to his father, "Good morning, Mr. Stander!" To some of us the humour in that may not seem very great, but the boy himself was pleased, and after laughing for a little, said, "I wonder what made me say that!" A new gateway of joy had suddenly opened to him, and he was wondering Who had put the key into his hand.

Some days afterwards, in one of our Board Schools, I heard a boy give a strange answer to the third question in the Shorter Catechism—"What do the Scriptures principally teach?" "The Scriptures principally teach," he answered, "what man is to believe concerning God, and what duty man requires of God."

It was a curious blunder, and some of the boys and girls in the class laughed—with, I may say, a very gentle, loving laugh, as if a revelation had come to them. The teacher looked grave, but I have known people who would have been horrified, who, after beating the boy, would have made him go down on

his knees, and ask forgiveness for his unspeakable profanity.

But I like to think it was God's Own Spirit Who taught the boy to make that delightful blunder.

There are some doors that open out, and some that open in, and others that swing either way, both out and in, on a universal hinge, and what that little lad did was this—he showed us that the answer given in the Catechism tells us only half the truth. The door of mercy opens from the outside as well as from the inside; it opens with a push as well as with a pull. It is a door through which one who is fleeing with his enemy hard at his heels can dash at full speed "on his stride," without altering his step. Nay more, it yields, it gives way, it flies wide open, to the weight of anyone who leans on it, for its hinge is the love of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

When Philip of Macedon, the father of Alexander the Great, told a woman who asked him to hear her cause that he had no time, she answered, "Then cease to be king." A military decoration, said the Russian General Skobelev, constitutes an obligation, or, as we commonly say, place and power and privilege bring with them duties and responsibilities. Provided we say it humbly, reverently, lovingly, remembering that we owe everything to God's free grace, there is no harm in saying that God has duties to do to us as truly as we have duties to do to Him. To say so is not an act of impiety, but an act of faith. It simply means that we take Him at His Own Word, that we believe

His promises and take hold of them, believing that what He has promised to do He is not only able but eager to do. There is one bundle of life, and the bands that bind us to Him bind Him no less to us.

That is the reason we can ask, aye and demand from Him, first of all our salvation, and then all other good things that accompany or flow from it. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ"—that is the duty God requires of us; "and thou shalt be saved"—that is the duty we are to require of Him. "The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which is lost." "Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance and remission of sins." "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee." "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." "Thou art my hiding-place; Thou wilt compass me about with songs

of deliverance." Are not words like these the cords of love with which we may bind the Almighty, saying to Him, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me?"

You cannot say that too boldly, if only you say it in humility and penitence and wonder, remembering—let me say once more—that we owe everything, everything, to His free grace and His eternal undeserved love.

Now you must put this great truth to the test this very day, this very moment. Cry out like Bartimæus, "Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." And if Satan, or your own heart, or any other body, tells you to hold your peace, you are just to cry out the more a great deal, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." And He will, for He must! To this end was He sent into the world, and to do His Father's bidding is His delight.



Their first outing

Reasons for not going to Church. 16th Series.—No. 7.

That man does not go to church because, he says, he can't stand the hypocrisy of a lot of people who do go.

"For example," he said to me the other day, "last month I travelled in the train with a well-known elder who lately made a speech in the Presbytery about the selling of newspapers on Sabbath. And there was he himself reading a foreign newspaper with the word SABBATO in the date on the front page. He thought of course I wouldn't notice that, but I was too sharp for him, and then, when I charged him with inconsistency, he wanted to make out that it wasn't a Sabbath paper; that Sabbato was the Italian word for Saturday, and that it was so named because, like the old Jewish Sabbath before the Resurrection of our Lord, it represents the last day of the week. He offered to take me to the Public Library and he would show me in the English-Italian dictionary that the Italians had another name altogether for our Sabbath, the first day of the week."

"And did you go?"

"Certainly not. I told him an Italian book was of no use to me, but that I had eyes in my head, and anybody could see that Sabbato must be the same as Sabbath. Then he changed his tack, and said that if I used my eyes I could see that the date was May 30, and the 30th was a Saturday!"

"He had you there!"

"Not at all! I told him that printers made mistakes every day!"

"And what said he to that?"

"Oh! he offered to read an advertisement which he said was both in English and Italian about a Protestant church service 'to-morrow' which would prove that it was the next day that was Sabbath. But I told him that Churches met on Mondays sometimes, and that it would have been more manly to own his fault when he was found out, and that I declined to argue any further with him, for hypocrisy and lies and above all unfair reasoning were things I could not stand." ¶

¶ *The gentleman who was reading the newspaper was speaking the truth. The days of the week in Italian are: Domenica, Lunedì, Martedì, Mercoledì, Giovedì, Venerdì, and Sabbato. What we call the Sabbath they call Domenica, which comes, like the French Dimanche and the*



Spanish Domingo, from the Latin Dominus, the Lord, and means, The Lord's Day. It is interesting to know that the gentleman who was so falsely accused had hunted up and down a long time to get an Italian newspaper for an Italian sailor with a broken leg in the Infirmary who knew no English.

1	W	I have gone astray like a lost sheep.— <i>Ps. 119, 176.</i>
2	TH	I will seek that which was lost.— <i>Ezek. 34, 16.</i> "I have been lost twice in the Sahara, and only he who has been truly lost knows what true terror is."— <i>Sir A. E. Pease, Bart., the lion-hunter.</i>
3	F	The Son of man is come to save that which was lost.— <i>Matt. 18, 11.</i>
4	S	Was lost, and is found.— <i>Luke 15, 32.</i>
5	S	Light is sown for the righteous.— <i>Ps. 97, 11.</i>
6	M	I go mourning without the sun.— <i>Job 30, 28.</i>
7	TU	The spring of the day.— <i>1 Sam. 9, 26.</i> "When Uncle William (Lord Kelvin) came to see us, he pulled up every blind in the house to the very top. He loved light and sunshine and could not bear to see them excluded for the sake of the carpets and curtains."— <i>The late Miss Elizabeth King.</i>
8	W	Truly the light is sweet.— <i>Eccl. 11, 7.</i>
9	TH	And a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.
10	F	The precious things of the fruits of the sun.— <i>Deut. 33, 14, R V.</i>
11	S	The Sun of righteousness with healing in His wings.— <i>Mal. 4, 2.</i>
12	S	Rooted and grounded in love.— <i>Eph. 3, 17.</i>
13	M	It had no depth of earth,
14	TU	But when the sun was up, it was scorched.— <i>Mark 4, 5.</i>
15	W	There came one running. "Your sweet briar is past hope. It did well at first—too well—for it hurried itself to put out leaves when it should have been quietly taking root. One sees many human beings go off in the same fashion."— <i>Mrs. Carlyle to Mrs. Russell, 15th July, 1850.</i>
16	TH	And went away grieved.— <i>Mark 10, 17-22.</i>
17	F	Jesus said to his disciples, Would ye also go away?— <i>Mark 4, 66.</i>
18	S	Your goodness, as the early dew, goeth away.— <i>Hosea 6, 4.</i>
19	S	The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.— <i>Ps. 24, 1.</i>
20	M	The earth hath He given to the children of men.— <i>Ps. 115, 16.</i>
21	TU	God blessed them: and God said, Subdue the earth.— <i>Gen. 1, 28.</i> "The Panama Canal is the greatest liberty Man has ever taken with nature."— <i>Lord Bryce.</i>
22	W	Make a highway for our God.— <i>Is. 40, 3.</i>
23	TH	Fear not; I will keep thee. Thou worm Jacob.— <i>Is. 41, 13-15.</i>
24	F	Thou shalt thresh the mountains.
25	S	He shall have dominion from sea to sea.— <i>Ps. 72, 8.</i>
26	S	I am found of them that sought Me not.— <i>Is. 65, 2.</i>
27	M	I have surnamed thee, though thou hast not known Me.
28	TU	I girded thee, though thou hast not known Me.— <i>Is. 45, 4, 5.</i>
29	W	The Lord being merciful unto him.— <i>Gen. 19, 16.</i> "When I was turned from one whose business was to shirk into one whose business was to strive and persevere, it seemed to me as though all had been done by some one else. I was never conscious of a struggle, never registered a vow, nor seemingly had anything personally to do with the matter. I came about like a well-handled ship. There stood at the wheel that unknown Steersman Whom we call God."— <i>R. L. Stevenson.</i>
30	TH	I taught Ephraim to go.— <i>Hosea 11, 3.</i>
31	F	I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. 27.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 8.

Different Points of View



Artist: "What a charming picturesque home you have!"

Old Woman: "I can't hear, sir, but if you are saying this must be a bad place for the rheumatics you never spoke a truer word."

NOW READY.

The Morning Watch Volume for 1913.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

—o—

*Volumes 1 to 15, 1888-1892, are out of print,
but Volumes 16 to 25, 1903-1912, may still be had.*

*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.
London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

"Shine!"

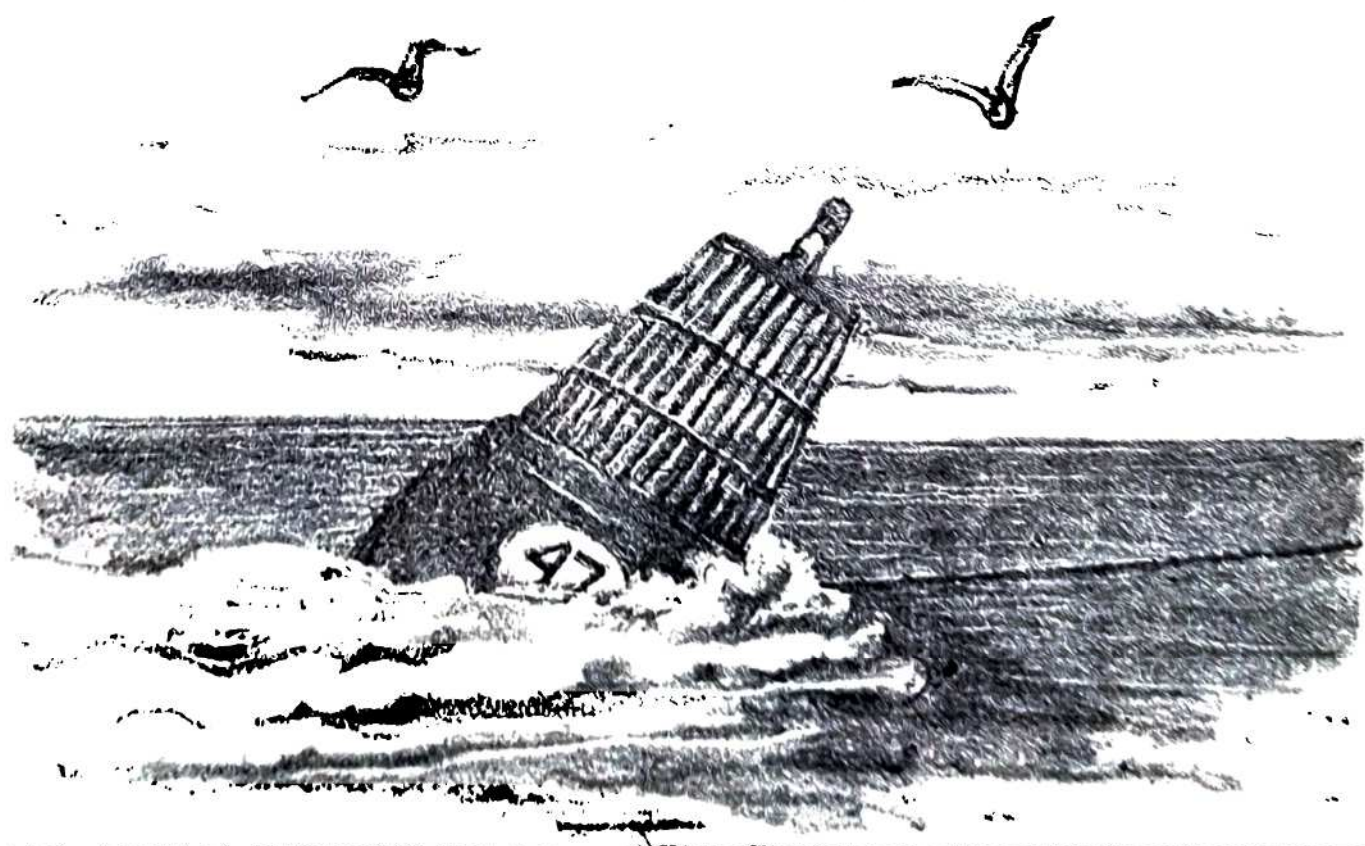
—Isaiah 60, 1.

LIGHTED buoys, which hold enough gas to keep them burning for at least two weeks, are used to mark shoals and sunken rocks and the channel generally.

The picture shows us how No. 47 looked, early this morning, 17th

July, as it was towed to its place down the Clyde from the building and repairing workshop at Port-Glasgow.

You children are to be, by God's grace, the lights of the world, guiding men and gladdening God's heart by your pure and steady flame; and your father's hearth, and your school, and your play-grounds, and your church, and your books, and your companions, and the experiences of your life, are the workshops in which you are now fitting out for your high calling of God in Christ. You will have many calm, clear days and nights, but you will have some dark and rough ones too. Don't grudge therefore the hammerings and the beatings and the polishings you are now getting, that are meant to strengthen you for the glorious task that lies before you.



Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 77.)

84th
Birth-
day.

In 1891, at the age of 82, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, an American writer, whose *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* many of you will read some day, wrote: "I like to write out the figure of my age in good Roman characters, thus LXXXII. It gives them a patriarchal look and adds to what Wordsworth calls 'the monumental pomp of age'."

In 1893 he wrote: "My 84th birthday found me very well in body and I think in mind. If I am in the twilight of dementia (want of mind) I have not found it out. I am only reasonably deaf; my two promising cataracts (a disease of the eye) are so slow about their work that I begin to laugh at them. I discovered one and studied it, as it was reflected in my microscope, more than a dozen years ago, and I can see with both eyes and read with one, and my writer's cramp is very considerate, in letting me write without any interference, as you can see."

A year later he wrote: "My habits are formed, my ways are established, and I am a pendulum with a very slow range of oscillation. . . . Old age at best is lonery, and the process of changing one's whole suit of friends and acquaintances has its moments when one goes naked and shivers."

On his 85th and last birthday, August 29, 1894, when he was still in fairly good health, able to walk a mile every morning and drive ten, and even more sometimes, every afternoon, he said: "The burden of years sits lightly upon me, as compared with the weight it seems to many less advanced in age than myself. But after three score years and twenty, the encroachments of time make themselves felt with rapidly increasing progress. When one can no longer hear the lark, when one can no longer recognise faces one passes in the street, when one has to watch one's steps, when it becomes more and more difficult to recall names, one is reminded by every movement that one must spare one's self, or nature will not spare one the penalties she exacts for overtaking one's declining powers. The twelfth septennial period always seemed to me as one of the natural boundaries of life. One who has lived a complete 85th year has had his full share—even on an old man's allowance. Whatever is granted after that is prodigal indulgence."

Dr. Holmes died within six weeks after, on the 7th October.

You should compare what he says about not hearing the lark with the 12th chapter of Ecclesiastes, and also with what Barzillai said, when he was 80, to King David, 2 Sam, 19, 34-39: "How long have I to live, that I should go up with the king unto Jerusalem? I am this day fourscore years old: and can I discern between good and evil? can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women? wherefore then should thy servant be yet a burden unto my lord the king?"

85th
Birth-
day.

"At 85 every ill makes one tremble." So wrote Henry Greville, diarist, about his mother Lady Charlotte Cavendish Bentinck in 1861.

In the course of these notes we have quoted very often from John Evelyn's Diary. This month we part with him, for he died on the 27th of February, 1706, in his 86th year. In May, 1704, he recorded the death of the Provost of Trinity College, Oxford, in these words: "Dr. Bathurst now died, I think the oldest acquaintance now left me in the world. He was 86 years of age, stark blind, deaf, and memory lost, after having been a person of admirable parts and learning. This is a serious alarm to me. God grant that I may profit by it."

During the previous November, Evelyn had heard a minister preach on 1 Cor. 15, 55-56, and thanked him, telling him that he took it kindly as his funeral sermon. These are two famous verses, and you should turn them up and learn them, and the 57th verse also, by heart.

On his last birthday, 31st October, 1705, Evelyn wrote: "I am this day arrived to the 85th year of my age. Lord teach me so to number my days to come that I may apply them to wisdom."

Before we say good-bye to Mr. Evelyn, let me remind you once more of what his dying little boy said. In the Church of England the vows at a child's baptism are taken by what are called its god-parents; in the Presbyterian Church it is our fathers and mothers that take them. A fortnight before this little lad died, he repeated the catechism to his father, and told him he now perceived "that his godfathers were disengaged, for that since he himself did now understand what his duty was, it would be required of him and not of them for the future." I hope that boy's words will lead all of you to take upon yourselves the vows your parents took for you when you were little babies, and that you will not only take Christ as your Saviour and King—I trust you have done that already—but publicly own Him as such by sitting down at His table in remembrance of His dying love.

The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth.--Rom. 10, 8.

IN his delightful book on Devon and Cornwall Mr. Arthur H. Norway tells a story about a grievous fog. There was once, he says, a Church of England minister who set out with his wife in their pony carriage from his manse at St. Breward to visit Bodmin, a long way off, but the nearest place at which they could enjoy the delight

of gazing at shop windows. Poor as the entertainment may have been, their uncritical taste, spoilt long before by constantly looking at moors and granite boulders, gloated on it so long that they started homeward a full hour later than was wise, and so found wreaths of light vapour sweeping silently around them before their stout pony had climbed half the distance to the eyrie where they lived. The fog grew thicker. The

well-known landmarks lost their shape, and assumed strange forms. The minister grew perplexed. He was not certain whether he had taken the right turn. He got down and looked about him, but saw nothing that he could recognise, and so got up again and drove blindly till the old lady got frightened, for it seemed to her that they had travelled twice the distance to the vicarage, and must be wandering away in quite a wrong direction. The minister pulled up and shouted, but there was no reply and at length the two old people could see nothing for it but to remain quiet where they were till daylight. Fortunately they had some rugs, and they packed themselves up and dozed as well as possible till the pony got strangely restless, and the parson, fearing he might do some mischief, got down, unharnessed him, let him trot away, climbed back and slumbered soundly till his wife woke him up, pointing out that it was day, that the fog had gone, and that the spot where they had passed the night in despair of getting home was no other than the gate of their own house! It was little wonder that the sagacious pony could not be contented to spend the night in harness when his own stable was actually within smell. The story, Mr. Norway ends by saying, may serve not only to teach us a certain fear of fogs, but also to reduce the contempt with which some people regard what they are pleased to call the lower animals.

But there are some other and greater things the story may tell us too

When "Rabbi" Duncan, the

Scottish professor, scholar, and saint, was a young man and seeking after God—he found it hard to believe in the Divinity of our Lord and in the work of the Atonement—Cesar Malan, of Geneva, a missionary evangelist, came to Edinburgh. It was in the year 1826. Duncan was introduced to him, and, while telling him of his difficulties, happened to quote a text of the Bible. Malan instantly started forward, and said, "See! you have the word of God in your mouth!" "It passed through me like electricity," said Duncan afterwards in telling the story of his great change—"the great thought that God *meant* man to know his mind: God—His Word—in my very mouth."

Yes, says the Apostle Paul, the righteousness which we get from God has not to be worked out by us; "it has not to be achieved but only appropriated;" Christ has achieved it for us, and all we have to do is to take it from Him, to accept it from His hands as a gift of free grace.

The night after his talk with Malan, Duncan prayed earnestly to God, spreading the Bible before him, and asking God to teach him. Then, weary and worn out, he went to bed, and prayed once more, using these words: "O God, I do not know the meaning of 'the Christ,' and if I should die before morning I should be lost. But Thou knowest that I can study no more to night. Let me not die before morning." Whereupon, as one who had committed his case to God, with a certain sorrowful tranquillity he fell soon asleep.

Now, Duncan was just like that old English minister. He had gone as far as he could on the right road, and the darkness fell on him, and he didn't know where he was, but when morning broke and the shadows had fled away, he was standing at the very door of his Father's house.

And so will it be with you if you follow on and on and refuse to turn back when you are seeking the living God. If darkness overwhelm you so that you can neither turn to the right hand nor the left, then stand still and keep on crying to Him. That darkness is but the shadow of His wing. He is trying you, and rejoicing over you though you do not as yet know it. Stand still, and you will see the salvation of God. Isaiah 45, 19: "I said not unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye Me in vain: I the Lord speak righteousness." And you should learn off by heart the words Oliver Cromwell wrote to his daughter, Mrs. Ireton: "To be a seeker is to be of the best sect next to a finder; and such an one shall every faithful humble seeker be at the end. Happy seeker, happy finder!"

— — — — —

A Covenant with God.

*O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord: I have no good beyond Thee.—
Ps. 16, 2. R.V.*



ONE of the prized possessions of the late Rev. A. D. Grant of Mount Park U.F. Church, Greenock, found in his desk after

his death, was a copy of a paper written thirteen years ago by James Campbell, a lad at that time of seventeen.

James was brought up in the Highlanders' Academy in our town, and after a short time in an office became an apprentice in the firm of Messrs. Rankin & Blackmore, the well-known engineers. The paper I refer to was written on the Sabbath evening before the Monday on which he entered their employment. Three months after the five years of his apprenticeship were over—and he was one of the very few who had no days of "lying time" to make up, for he never needed to be wakened in the morning—he entered the service of the Pacific Steamship Navigation Company.

The next few years he spent chiefly on the Western Coast of South America, studying Spanish meantime very diligently. In 1909 his ship, the *Sorata*, came to Glasgow, and he spent the week-end with his people. On the Monday as he passed down South Street, on his way to the train, he kept turning round and smiling and waving his hand. "Who's that you're laughing to?" asked his father. "I am just taking another look at mother," was his answer.

On the Thursday, on his way from Glasgow to Liverpool on board ship he caught a chill which brought on pleurisy, and was so ill on the Monday that his father was sent for. By the tenth day, however, he was seemingly so completely out of danger that his father was able to leave him. But some complication



ensued, and on the Monday, to the sore disappointment of all, the end came suddenly.

In a letter addressed to him in the March of 1909 to Antofagasta, a port in Chili famous for its mines and saltpetre deposits, Mr. Grant had said—"I hope you are keeping a private log, one too intimate for anyone except your own people to see and another for other friends, and at least of this second one I hope to have a glimpse some day." Whether he kept such logs or not I do not know, but amongst his belongings they found something much better—a personal covenant with God—verifying even in this what Mr. Grant said of him after his death: "He was one of the young

men who never disappointed me in anything he ever said or did."

Mr. Campbell's father and mother have very kindly, and, I think, very wisely, permitted me to make a facsimile of their son's Covenant. He was evidently much moved when he wrote it, for it shows signs of agitation. But it was a fine thing to do. You have heard of the 'Prentice Pillar in Roslin Chapel that was so beautifully carved that some said the master-builder out of envy killed the lad who did the work. I think we may call this Covenant a 'Prentice Pillar, too, like that which Jacob reared to God at Bethel, and that you will all make one like it when you are leaving school and setting out on the journey of life.

19 South St.
Greenock 20th January 1901

My Covenant With my
Lord & Saviour Jesus Christ

I James Campbell do
with my whole heart
and soul trust in our
Saviour Jesus Christ who
had spared me to start my
trade to morrow as an engineer
and that I shall to my best

to further improve my-
self and others
to love you with my whole
heart & soul

I am at my
Lord's Command
James Campbell

21st January 1906

After 5 years I have tried
J C

"19 South Street, Greenock, 20th January, 1907. My Covenant with my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I, James Campbell, do with my whole heart and soul trust in our Saviour, Jesus Christ, Who had spared me to start my trade to-morrow as an Engineer, and that I shall do my best to further improve myself and others to love You with my whole heart and soul. I am at my Lord's command.—James Campbell."

"21st January, 1906. After 5 years, I have tried.—J. C."

Reasons for not going to Church. 16th Series.—No. 8.

The people who live in the flat marked were not at church the last 3 Sabbaths because there's something wrong with one of the window snibs, and these thieves that are going about just now are so clever; there's no saying what they might do; they could climb up that pipe as easily as anything.*

"But your husband is a very handy man; couldn't he put the snib right? I am sure he could do it in 3 minutes."

"Yes, but if you once do any repairs to your house, you need never ask your landlord to do any, and he will just raise the rent because the house is in such good order."

"But I saw you both passing my window in the evening."

"True, because we had been in the house all day, and that's not good for one, and the Bible says 'mercy before sacrifice.'"

"Then you'll not be going to Rothesay for your 10 days' holiday this year?"

"Oh yes! because, you see, we can ask the policeman to keep his eye on the place, and, besides, it's such a busy thoroughfare, and there are people always going about, and the folks on the opposite side would see if anything was wrong; and surely we can trust Providence? I've heard you say that yourself many a time! And we are both needing a change. I heard you say there are promises about our goings out and in, or something like that"

"Yes, and I can give you a fine one from the 34th of Exodus: 'Neither shall any man desire thy land, when thou shalt go up to appear before the Lord thy God.' He is a God That can be trusted from a Monday to a Saturday, and on a Sabbath-day too. Do your best, and trust Him for the rest."

"But those thieves are so clever!"

"Perhaps they are, but they are not as clever as God."



1	S	And Samuel's mother said, For this child I prayed.— <i>1 Sam. 1, 27.</i>
2	S	Therefore also I have lent him to the Lord ;
3	M	As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord.
4	TU	Your body is a temple of the Holy Ghost
5	W	Which is in you, Which ye have from God.— <i>1 Cor. 6, 19, 20.</i>
6	TH	And ye are not your own ;
7	F	For ye were bought with a price :
8	S	Glorify God therefore in your body. "Nor shall any scholar be so hardy as to come to school with his head unkempt, his hands or face unwashed, his shoes unclean, his cap, hosen, or vesture, filthy or rent."— <i>Law of Bangor Old Grammar School, quoted in Bradley's North Wales Highways and Byways.</i>
9	S	Happy is the man that findeth wisdom.— <i>Prov. 3, 13.</i>
10	M	She is more precious than rubies,
11	TU	Length of days is in her right hand ;
12	W	In her left hand are riches and honour.
13	TH	Get wisdom, get understanding.— <i>Prov. 4, 5.</i> The Prince of Orange offered the city of Leyden, in Holland, for its gallant resistance to the Spaniards in 1574, either permanent freedom from taxation or the establishment of a University. It chose the University.— <i>Lucas' Holland.</i>
14	F	If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God.— <i>Jas. 1, 5.</i>
15	S	I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.— <i>Phil. 2, 8.</i>
16	S	He must reign, till He hath put all enemies under His feet.— <i>1 Cor. 15, 25.</i> "I remember when Rowland Hill quoted these words in a sermon in Oxford when I was a boy in 1833, he struck his breast, exclaiming—'all His enemies in me'."— <i>Sir G. T. Elvey, Mus. Doc., 1816-1893.</i>
17	M	In my flesh dwelleth no good thing.— <i>Rom. 7, 18-25.</i>
18	TU	When I would do good evil is present with me.
19	W	Who shall deliver me from the body of this death ?
20	TH	They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh.— <i>Gal. 5, 24.</i>
21	F	Thou King of Saints.— <i>Rev. 15, 3.</i>
22	S	Thy Kingdom come.— <i>Matt. 6, 10.</i>
23	S	The waters shall not overflow thee.— <i>Is. 43, 2.</i>
24	M	He knoweth our frame. "One day Col. Bailey ordered us to cross a river. 'It's all right, men, it's only up to your waists.' He forgot that we were not all like him, over 6 feet tall."— <i>G. H. Putnam's Memories.</i>
25	TU	He remembereth that we are dust.— <i>Psa. 103, 14.</i>
26	W	There hath no temptation taken you but such as man can bear.— <i>1 Cor. 10, 13, R.V.</i>
27	TH	God will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able ;
28	F	But will with the temptation make also the way of escape.
29	S	Jesus, in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.— <i>Heb. 4, 15</i>
30	S	They that sow in tears shall reap in joy — <i>Psa. 126, 5.</i>
31	M	Some a hundredfold.— <i>Matt. 13, 8.</i> "So much of the sower's work comes to nothing, but some of it comes to so much."

The Morning Watch.

VOL. 27.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 9



“Lord,

Spare the green,
And take the ripe.”

The Prayer of Richard Cameron.

NOW READY.

The Morning Watch Volume for 1913.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

—o—

Volumes 1 to 15, 1888-1902, are out of print,
but Volumes 16 to 26, 1903-1913, may still be had.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.
London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59
Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Richard Cameron's Prayer.

RICHARD CAMERON was the Scottish Covenanting minister after whom the Reformed Presbyterian Church was popularly named the Cameronians.

Here is the story of his death as told by Dr. Smellie in his *Men of the Covenant*.

"At four o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, 22nd July, 1680, a body of dragoons came on a little band of Covenanters at the east end of Ayrsmoss, a bleak stretch of mossy ground extending through part of the three parishes of Sorn, Auchinleck, and Muirkirk. When Richard Cameron saw the enemy advancing, he gathered his men round him, and led them in prayer. There was no leisure for a multitude of words, no space for anything but one of those swift and strong ejaculations which carry the Kingdom of Heaven by force. Three times he cried, '*Lord, spare the green, and take the ripe!*' Then he looked to his brother, brother by spiritual as by natural ties. 'Michael,' he said, 'come, let us

fight it out to the last! For this is the day that I have prayed for, to die fighting against our Lord's enemies; and this is the day that we will get the crown.' To the rest he cried, 'Be encouraged, all of you, to fight it out valiantly; for all of you that shall fall this day I see Heaven's gates cast wide open to receive them.'"

Richard Cameron was one of those who were slain. "So he whom men named the Lion of the Covenant sped to God, and laid down on His breast that fiery spirit of his. He was no more than thirty-two years of age. Michael, too, fought his last fight on the lonely Ayrsmoss. They took Richard's head and hands to Edinburgh; and the man who had cut them off declared, as he delivered them to the Privy Council, 'There's the head and hands of a man that lived praying and preaching, and died praying and fighting.'"

There are some prayers of which we may say, as Augustine said of the words—"Forgive us our debts *as we forgive our debtors*"—that they are "terrible petitions." Moses' prayer, Exodus 33, 15, is another: "If Thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence." Yet how often, as on Communion Sabbaths, for example, has this prayer been used by men, good men, too, who surely did not think what they were saying. So also is this prayer of Cameron's a terrible petition.

At this time God is thrusting in His sharp sickle, and when we say, "Spare the green, and take the

ripe," we acknowledge, to begin with, that we know the difference, the awful difference, there is between being ripe and not ripe, ready and not ready, fit and not fit, for the Kingdom of God.

And if we humbly wish and hope to be amongst those that are ready to go in, does not the prayer mean that we are willing God should take us away first, that they who are not ready may have time to repent?

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 88.)

85th
Birth-
day.

Some of you, no doubt, have wondered why you should be asked to read about those birthdays that, to say the least, are so very far away.

One of our old Scots Covenanting heroes, Sir James Melville, said once in a letter to his son, that "next unto the special favour of God nothing stood me in better stead than the early embracing of unbought experience by the stumbling errors of others." Even so the story of some one's eightieth birthday may teach you how to spend your eighth or your eighteenth. Old people can teach us some things which it would cost us a good deal to find out ourselves. That is the meaning of "unbought experience;" it is like asking a person whom we meet on the way, where this road leads to; it may save us a lot of time and a weary tramp back.

In a time of peril like the present, good old men and women, so far from being encumbrances and useless mouths, are amongst a nation's richest possessions. They have power with God—Exodus 17, 8: "Then came Amalek and fought with Israel. And Moses said unto Joshua, Go out, fight with Amalek: to-morrow I will stand on the top of the hill with the rod of God in mine hand. . . . And it came to pass when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed: and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed."

Further, we can use the names of good old people—what God did for them and what they did for God—in our own prayers, long after they are dead, as Moses did: Exodus 32, 13, "Remember Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, Thy servants, to whom Thou swarest by Thine Own Self."

Some of the names which follow may help us in one or other of those ways.

In 1904, John Murdoch, LL.D. (brother of the late Mr. Alexander Murdoch, long time assistant professor of Greek in Glasgow University, of whom I told you last year) a distinguished scholar, died when he wanted but one week to complete sixty years of active missionary service. During all that time, like his brother, he kept a diary. The last entry in it was written on his 85th birthday, when he was lying very ill. Some of the words cannot be made out, but

85th
Birth-
day.

of the very last one in it there is no doubt. That word is *India*. And surely the salvation of that land, and the honour of the many brave men and women who have gone forth to preach Christ there, and the joy of all who have helped to send them, are arguments we may humbly yet confidently use in this time of need. Psalm 115, 2 :

O wherefore should the heathen say,
Where is their God now gone ?

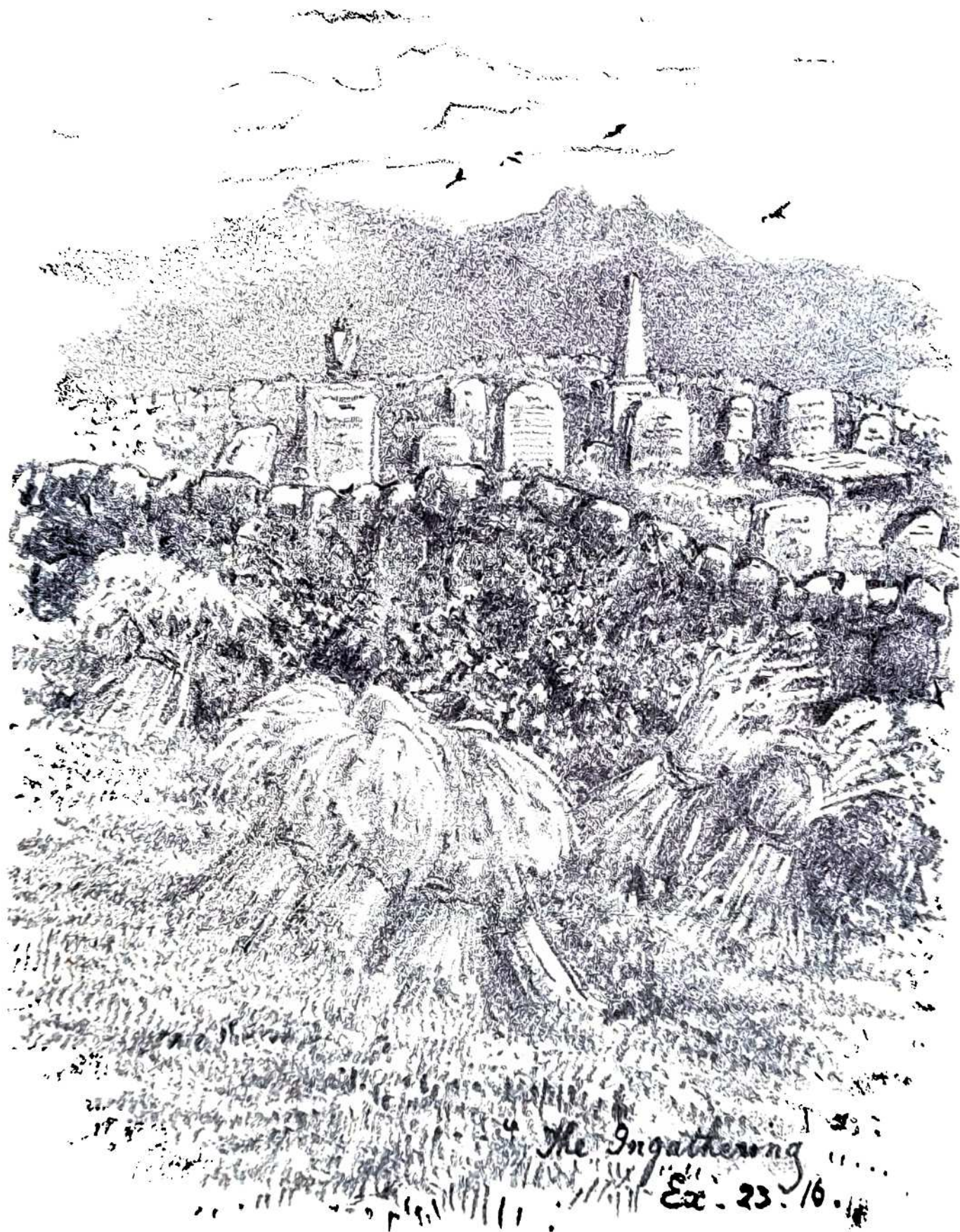
86th.

On Feb. 23rd, 1798, the Rev. John Mill, minister of two parishes in Shetland, wrote in his Diary : " I am now fourscore and six years old ; and through the tender mercy of a good and gracious God, am still enabled to keep my tours at both Kirks as well as ever. May it be for His glory and the good of souls that I am spared so long ; and, with Job, may I be helped to wait with patience all the days of my appointed time on Earth."

The paragraph that comes after these words has a curious interest at the present time. " The war with France goes on. They threaten to invade Great Britain with 300,000 men, by putting 10,000 on rafters of wood so formed and fitted with raw hides, etc., as to be proof against our bullets, and also with furnaces to heat their own bullets to fire and burn our ships of war, which our people justly regard to be no more than empty puffs. A considerable number of our East India Merchant ships have arrived with cargoes valued at 6 mills. ster., and two of these loaded, 'tis said, with cinnamon, cloves, nutmegs, and pepper, being the most valuable commodities that ever arrived in England. The nation is loaded with taxes, which makes the French insult us as unable to continue the war. . . . I have signed, with others in this parish, for ten guineas, to be continued yearly while the war lasts." " March 22nd. A Fast was observed on account of war continued in France." It was on the 1st of August following that Nelson fought the Battle of the Nile.

February, 7, 1910, was the 86th birthday of Sir William Huggins, O.M., K.C.B., F.R.S., a great authority on what is known as Spectroscopic Astronomy, that is, the department of astronomy which deals with the chemical constitution and physical state of the sun and other heavenly bodies. " I am not aware I am old yet," he said to a friend ; " my interest in things is as fresh as ever. I work for hours daily in the physical laboratory, spend the afternoon in the library, and write in the evening." He had a private observatory at Tulse Hill, London, S.W., but had to remove it to Cambridge owing to the badness of the City atmosphere. Lady Huggins shared his studies and his honours.

Tennyson once said something like this, that when he looked at the starry spheres he could not help wondering at the airy county families gave themselves in ball-rooms. Might it not help us, when the kings of the earth and their captains are seeking to exalt themselves, to lift up our eyes and say (Job 22, 12), " Is not God in the height of heaven ? Behold the height of the stars, how high they are !"



How many Angels are there?

(Reprinted, with alterations, from "The Morning Watch," January, 1899.)

And when the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone forth, behold an host compassed the city both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him, Alas, my master, how shall we do? And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray Thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.—2 Kings 6, 15.

Children's Angels.—Matt. 18, 10.

Thinkest thou that I cannot beseech My Father, and He shall even now send Me more than twelve legions of angels?—Matt. 26, 53, R.V.

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to do service for the sake of them that shall inherit salvation?—Heb. 1, 14, R.V.

During the great war, more than 100 years ago, it is said the British sailors used to give three cheers whenever they heard of the launching of a Spanish man-of-war: "That's another ship for us to capture!"

I.

One Angel strengthened our Lord,
And one delivered Peter.
When Hagar fled at Sarai's word
One Angel went to meet her.

And one appeared to Gideon, too,
As he the wheat was threshing.
One watched Elijah all night through,
And baked for his refreshing.

'Twas one who stood by Paul when he
In Adria was tossing.
And one turned back that great Red Sea
And made a way for crossing.

And one the hand of Abra'am stayed
As he the knife was raising.
One Zacharias speechless made
Till he was ripe for praising.

One loosed the tongue of Balaam's ass.
One quelled the lions' roaring,
And made a night of terror pass
In wonder and adoring.

II.

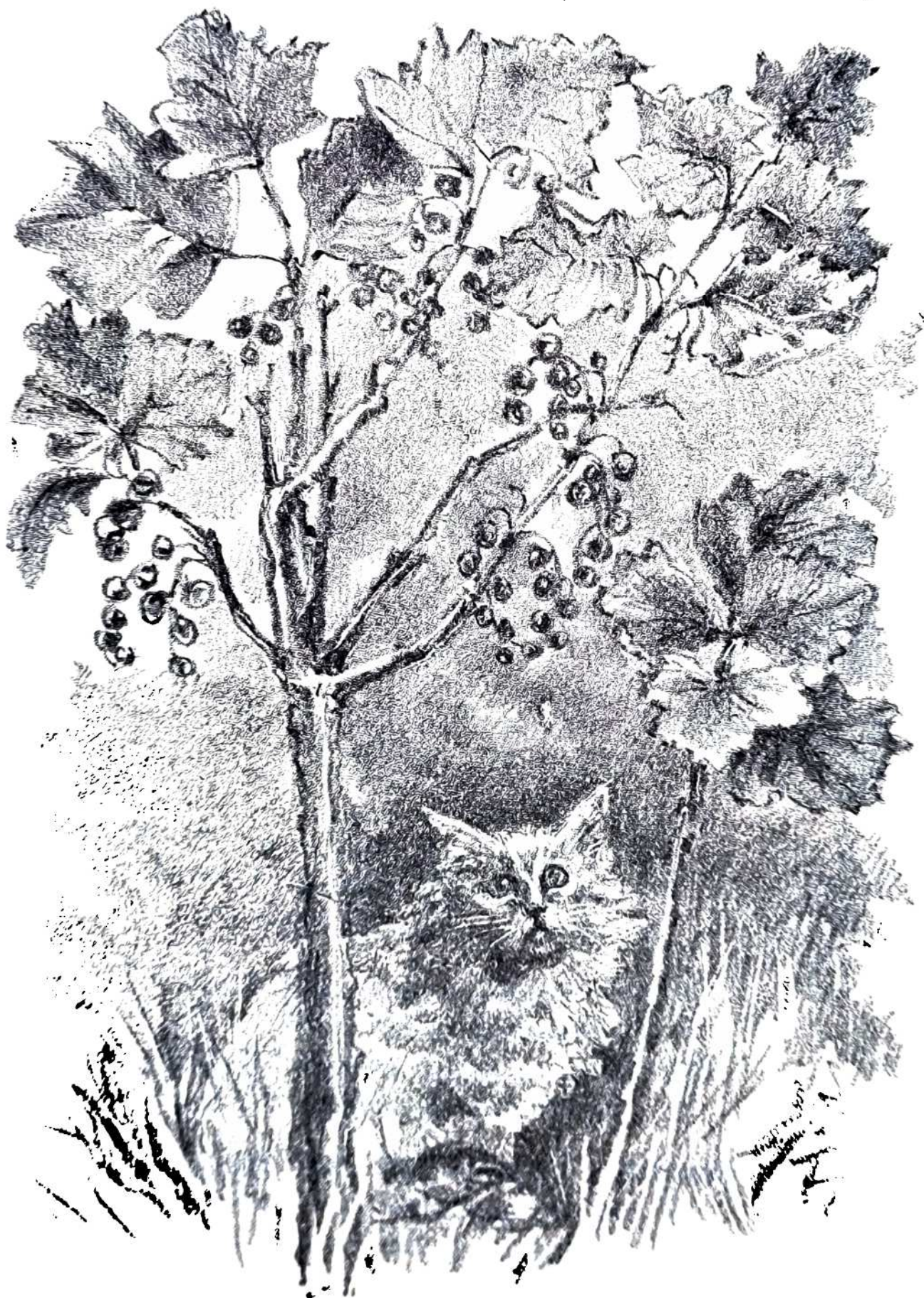
How then did these two men behold
On mountain and in valley
Thousands of Angels, hosts untold?
What need for such a rally?

Bad men have angels, too, I wot,
One each, to warn, curb, guide him;
And every Syrian had got
An Unseen Mate beside him.

But all those Angels on the field
Were on the Lord's side only,
And since they were Elisha's shield
His foes were worse than lonely!

Therefore my foes I'll gladly count
And have no fear of any;
The higher up their numbers mount,
My Angels are as many.

For if the Legions that are Thine—
All Angels, great in power—
If all of them, and Christ, be mine,
I'm in a right strong tower!



The Little Currant Bush.

Yea, I said unto thee, Live.
—Ezek. 16, 6.

LAST September I told you about a man who in 1909 took what he thought was a dead twig out of a rubbish heap and stuck it in the ground to mark the end of a drill in his garden. But the twig wasn't dead! Through the scent of water it revived, and after two years it budded and blossomed, and after two years more it brought forth fruit—one berry! And you may remember there was a picture of a thrush gazing at it in astonishment and perplexity, unable to make up its mind whether to eat it or not.

This year the bush is two feet high, and it had 23 strings of berries, so that it could have sung, and perhaps did sing, a 23rd Psalm of its own—"My soul He doth restore again"—and these strings had over 80 currants on them—

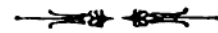
"My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes."

Eighty currants—that means 8,000 per cent, a rate of interest considerably higher than any Bank in Scotland ever gave even in our dreams, but such a rate as God loves to give.

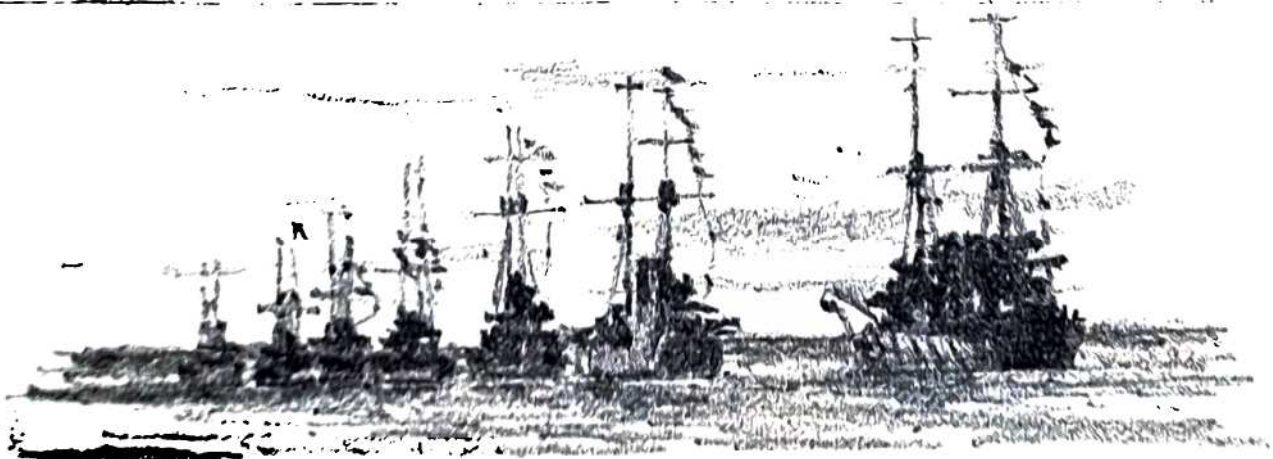
Now if God does so much for a

little bush which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, what will He not do for us if we are branches of Him Who is the Vine? Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear *much fruit*. And every branch that beareth fruit, He cleanseth it that it may bear *more fruit*.

And if any of you think you are fit for nothing but to be pulled up and cast out, read in the place concerning the Bush, the little currant bush, and believe in the goodwill of Him That dwells in it. "Yea," He says unto thee, "Live!" "Look and live."



"STRANGE it is to think what agencies The Almighty employs to change the face of history, or to humble a nation's pride. Sometimes it may be one single valiant soldier, who, by a mere cry or gesture, inspires his comrades with hope in the hour of their blackest despair; sometimes a shower of rain may cast one empire into mourning for the loss of its bravest and its best, and raise another to a pinnacle of pride and power"—
Sir Ian Hamilton's "A Staff-Officer's Scrap-Book."



National Treaties.

Now, therefore, our God, the great, the mighty, and the terrible God, who keepest covenant and mercy.—Nehem. 9, 32.

TREATIES between European States, says the late Prof. Leone Levi, in his *International Law*, used to be headed, "In the Name of the Very Holy and Indivisible Trinity." The Treaty of Berlin of 1878 was headed, "In the Name of Almighty God;" the Treaty with Zanzibar was headed, "In the name of the most High God."

That means, or ought to mean, first of all, that a Treaty should be just and fair, such a Treaty as God Himself can approve of and become a partner in, a Treaty that is in accord with His Own Covenant made with Christ, on the World's behalf, from all eternity, a Treaty

that aims at "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men."

Secondly, it means that God is a witness to the signing of Treaties, and that if they are to be broken or set aside, it must be done honourably, in His fear, and in such a way as He approves. Treaties are not to be kept or broken just when it suits us. It was the honour of Edward I. that, when the Church of Rome gave kings the right to break their promises, he chose for his motto, "Serva Pactum," Keep faith, be true to thy word. And it was the crowning dishonour of Zedekiah, the last king of Judah, that he "despised the oath" that he had given to the king of Babylon: 2 Chron. 36, 13, Ezek. 17, 15. "Shall he prosper? shall he escape that doeth such things? shall he break the covenant, and yet escape?"

Reasons for not going to Church. 16th Series.—No. 9.

(No reason strong enough THIS month!)

It is a day of heavy rain, and this lady has a bad neuralgic headache, and she twisted her ankle in stepping off a tramway car on Thursday, and she has had visitors staying with her these last ten days, and her maid went off on her annual fortnight's holiday yesterday forenoon. At any ordinary time any one of these things would have been more than sufficient reason for not going to church to-day. But she lives in a seaport that, she is told, may possibly be raided by the Germans at any time, and she has a brother in the Navy, in the North Sea somewhere, and to-day she feels she MUST go to church and "draw nigh to God," THERE IS SO MUCH TO PRAY FOR.



1	TU	There is but a step between me and death.— <i>1 Sam. 20, 3.</i>
2	W	Thou art with me.— <i>Ps. 23, 4.</i> “Nowhere is man so utterly alone as in the firing-line at close quarters; yet nowhere is it more essential he should be forgetful of self.”— <i>Col. Henderson.</i>
3	TH	I am poor and needy; make haste unto me, O God:
4	F	O Lord, make no tarrying.— <i>Ps. 70, 5.</i>
5	S	The Lord is my Rock, my Fortress, my Deliverer, my God, my Strength, my Buckler, my High Tower. I will love Thee, O Lord.— <i>Ps. 18, 1.</i>

6	S	A devout soldier.— <i>Acts 10, 7.</i>
7	M	The Lord thy God walketh in the midst of thy camp;
8	TU	Therefore shall thy camp be holy.— <i>Deut. 23, 14.</i>
9	W	Lest ye make the camp of Israel a curse.— <i>Joshua 6, 18.</i>
10	TH	Up, sanctify yourself.— <i>Josh. 7, 13.</i> “I have been a soldier, a sailor, a courtier, which are courses of wickedness and vice—a man who has lived a sinful life in such callings as have been most conducing to it.”— <i>Sir Walter Raleigh.</i>
11	F	How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob.— <i>Num. 24, 5.</i>
12	S	The God of the armies of Israel.— <i>1 Sam. 17, 45.</i>

13	S	He knoweth our frame;
14	M	He remembereth that we are dust.— <i>Ps. 103, 13.</i>
15	TU	He Himself hath suffered, being tempted.— <i>Heb. 2, 18.</i>
16	W	In all their affliction He was afflicted.— <i>Isaiah 63, 9.</i>
17	TH	In your patience ye shall win your souls.— <i>Luke 21, 19, R.V.</i>
18	F	He that endureth to the end shall be saved.— <i>Matt 10, 22.</i>
19	S	Even as I also overcame.— <i>Rev. 3, 21.</i> “What made thee desert?” Frederick the Great asked a soldier. “Alas, your Majesty, we were got so low down in the world, and had such a time of it.” “Well, try it one day more, and if we cannot mend matters, thou and I will both desert!”

20	S	He that overcometh shall thus be arrayed in white garments.
21	M	I will in no wise blot his name out of the Book of Life.
22	TU	I will confess his name before My Father. “In 1820 I presented myself to the Duke of York for promotion, with certificates. He was pleased to make a pencil note, and bowed. I retired, and never had any communication since.”— <i>R. Blakeney, a Boy in the Peninsular War.</i>
23	W	I will make him a pillar in the temple of My God,
24	TH	And he shall go out thence no more:
25	F	And I will write upon him the Name of My God,
26	S	And Mine own new Name.— <i>Rev. 3, 5-12, R.V.</i>

27	S	Christ shall be magnified in my body.— <i>Phil. 1, 20.</i>
28	M	I bring my body into bondage.— <i>1 Cor. 9, 27, R.V.</i>
29	TU	Men that have hazarded their lives.— <i>Acts 15, 26.</i>
30	W	They loved not their lives.— <i>Rev. 12, 11.</i> “Twelve men of the 22nd hid their wounds, thinking there would be another fight, but fell on the long march and had to tell the truth. Two of them had been shot clean through both legs.”— <i>Sir C. Napier.</i>

October, 1914.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. 27

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 10.

In Time of War.



"Perhaps there will be a letter from Daddy to-morrow, Mother."

The Morning Watch.

Volumes 1 to 15, 1888-1902, are out of print, but Volumes 16 to 26, 1903-1913, may still be had.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.
London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

"Clothed with the Slain."

Isaiah 14, 19. R. V.

THE late Ameer of Afghanistan told Lord Curzon once that he thought he had put to death during his short reign about 120,000 of his own subjects. He was supposed to be exaggerating somewhat. But the German Emperor and his ally

the Emperor of Austria bid fair to surpass that awful record.

The Kaiser is now in his 56th year. On Jan. 27, 1871, when he had completed the 12th year of his age, his father, who was afterwards Emperor for only 99 days, who was at that time with the German army besieging Paris, wrote these words in his Diary: "To-day is Wilhelm's 13th birthday. May he become a clever, right-minded, true and faithful man, a genuine German."

The little lad of those days is now bearing on his mind and conscience a load that is fearful to contemplate, a load that makes one see the tremendous possibilities of our human nature, and our need of a Saviour Whose love and power are nothing less than Infinite. But blessed be God, the Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 100.)

85th
Birth-
day.

Do you remember what Caleb said when he was 85?—*Josh. 14, 7-14.* "Forty years old was I when Moses the servant of the Lord sent me to espy out the land. . . . And now, behold, the Lord hath kept me alive, as He said, these forty and five years: . . . and now, lo, I am this day fourscore and five years old. As yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me: as my strength was then, even so is my strength now, for war, both to go out, and to come in." We are not to look on these words as the silly talk of a boastful old man, but as a wonderful proof to us that if our lives are shortened or our welfare hindered by the sin of others, or by unexpected and unusual duty laid on us—and that is a thing that happens to more than we would think—God in His power and love, and in His own way, can restore, and will restore, these lost years to us.

"On Dec. 4," wrote Mr. W. E. H. Lecky the historian in a letter in 1880, "Mr. Carlyle was 85. He spoke of his life as contemptible and,

85th
Birth-
day.

being completely detached from the world, longed for death. He dwelt much on the vanity of human life and the mystery of the future, and in his own solemn way he often repeated the words :

‘ We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep :’

and ‘ Fear no more the heat o’ the sun
Nor the furious winter’s rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta’en thy wages :’

lines which he said were to him ‘like the sound of distant church bells.’” A few weeks later Mr. Lecky wrote : “Carlyle has got very much weaker both in body and mind during the last few months. His hand trembles too much to write. He has lately given up going out and almost given up reading. It is very painful to see the extreme dregs of life ; but he seems to me to be getting so much weaker that I do not think (and under the circumstances do not hope) that he will last through the winter.” He died on the 5th Feb., 1881.

Professor John Stuart Blackie wrote thus on July 28th, 1894 : “My dear Podler” (one of his pet names for his sister, Mrs. Kennedy) “Shortly after your letter, the 28th arrived, and the good old Scot of fourscore years and five was forthwith overwhelmed by an epistolary storm of birthday greetings that demanded an immediate grateful acknowledgment. Really, I seem to have done some good to my fellow-countrymen ; but exaggeration on matters that touch the public pulse, especially in the case of an octogenarian, is natural, and I must tone it down to something of a more modest estimation. I feel great weakness, and in fact, only half-alive. Perfect recovery from such a radical weakness of function at any time of life is contrary to nature, and I will address myself to a pious curtailment of all hopes and fears and ambitions belonging to this sublunary sphere.”

In October of the same year he wrote to his nephew : “The watchwords of age are Endure and enjoy, the watchwords of youth are Believe and achieve. The necessity of working is the true school of character, the mother of great achievements. The more that is done for us the less we do for ourselves, and the less effective manhood do we possess. . . . This morning I penned some lines :

Not death is evil, but the way to death
Through dim divinings and with scanty breath,
A length of deedless days and sleepless nights
Sown with all sorrows, shorn of all delights.
Teach me, O God, in might and mercy sure,
Teach me, the child of joyance, to endure.
Endure, in truth no easy thing to learn,
But how to learn it be my main concern.”

He died on the 2nd of March, the year after.

86th
Birth-
day.

On his 86th birthday John Wesley wrote : " I now find I grow old. My sight is decayed, so that I cannot read a small print, unless in a strong light. My strength is decayed ; so that I walk much slower than I did some years since. My memory of names, whether of persons or places, is decayed, till I stop a little to recollect them. What I shall be afraid of is, if I took thought for the morrow, that my body should weigh down my mind, and create either stubbornness, by the decrease of my understanding, or peevishness, by the increase of bodily infirmities. But Thou shalt answer for me, O Lord, my God ! "

Yet, for some time after this, he was still able to preach twice a-day, though he confesses he found it difficult to preach oftener !

The following extract is taken from the Diary of a very old friend of my own. She died 8 months after writing these words : " 22nd February, 1901. This day finished my 86 years. Feeble and frail as I am, I do not feel it as I ought to do. Already in the new year we have a great deal of death, and many of my own old friends. Oh Lord, if Thou seest it meet to spare me a little longer I know that it must be needful for my good. Oh may it be for Thy glory, in whatever Thou knowest best, and however small or little known, may I be content to be nothing and less than nothing in the sight of men if Christ be all in all I attempt to do. I have needed much discipline, but I bless Thee, Oh my God, for all the mercy and longsuffering patience Thou hast granted unto me. They cannot be numbered, and once more I ask to be prepared for what Thou art preparing for me. . . . Thou knowest that my sins are often a great burden on me. If it is Thy holy will give me the greatest blessing in this life, to know that they are forgiven, and only for Christ's sake my own and only dear Saviour. Amen."

22nd February 1901

This day finished my
86 years.

forgiven, and only for
Christ's sake, my own and
only dear Saviour. Amen.

*O Lord, forgive; O Lord, hearken,
and do.—Dan. 9, 19.*

So far as one can see, our country has seldom entered into war with cleaner hands. Our hands are not clean, all the same, neither now nor heretofore. Take the Boer War, for example. Whatever good has since come from it, there was sin connected with it, all agree, from the beginning to the end. Take the story of the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, when our soldiers and magistrates committed crimes so great that Lord Canning the Governor-General burned the evidence of things we did that the world might never know our shame. Take the wars we made with China to compel it to open its markets to our opium. Think of the countless cargoes of gin our ships have carried to heathen lands. Think of the tribes exterminated by our fiery drinks. Should it not make us blush to know that the word *Scotch*, our country's name, is in all lands a synonym for whisky? Some years ago the Lord Chancellor of England and his party declared that the Battle of British Liberty was being fought at the bar of the public house. And in these last days have not the "Spirit Trade," with an insolence and effrontery that are indescribable, demanded that when the war is over, the sacrifices they have made at this time for the country, in being asked to sell as little drink as possible to soldiers—men within three days' march of eternity—shall be remembered and rewarded?

We talk, and talk truly, of

Germany's breach of Treaty Obligations. We prate of the sanctity of truth. Have we not ourselves as a nation and as individuals broken many a Covenant with God?

Think of the names and epithets our statesmen have been hurling at each other during recent years, and these last few days. Many things have happened in our country, and its dominions beyond the seas, for which we cannot sufficiently bless God. There have been such bravery and unanimity and love as have made us marvel. And yet, amidst it all, did not a man in high place only two weeks ago, claiming to speak with self-restraint, because he "had no wish to do anything that would add to our difficulties in the field or assist our enemies"—did he not declare before a listening world, amid the loud cheers of his party, that he and his friends "no longer regarded those on the other side as gentlemen or fit for the society of gentlemen"? What worse thing could our greatest enemy say against us? And yet we wonder while we talk of truth and honour, why it is that England is so much hated and distrusted and why her name upon the continent is—Perfidious Albion

O God, guard, guide and bless our soldiers and our sailors and our allies, and give us the victory if it be Thy holy will. And forgive our enemies, and forgive us, and enter not into judgment with us: for in Thy sight shall no living man be justified. For Thy Son's sake. Amen.

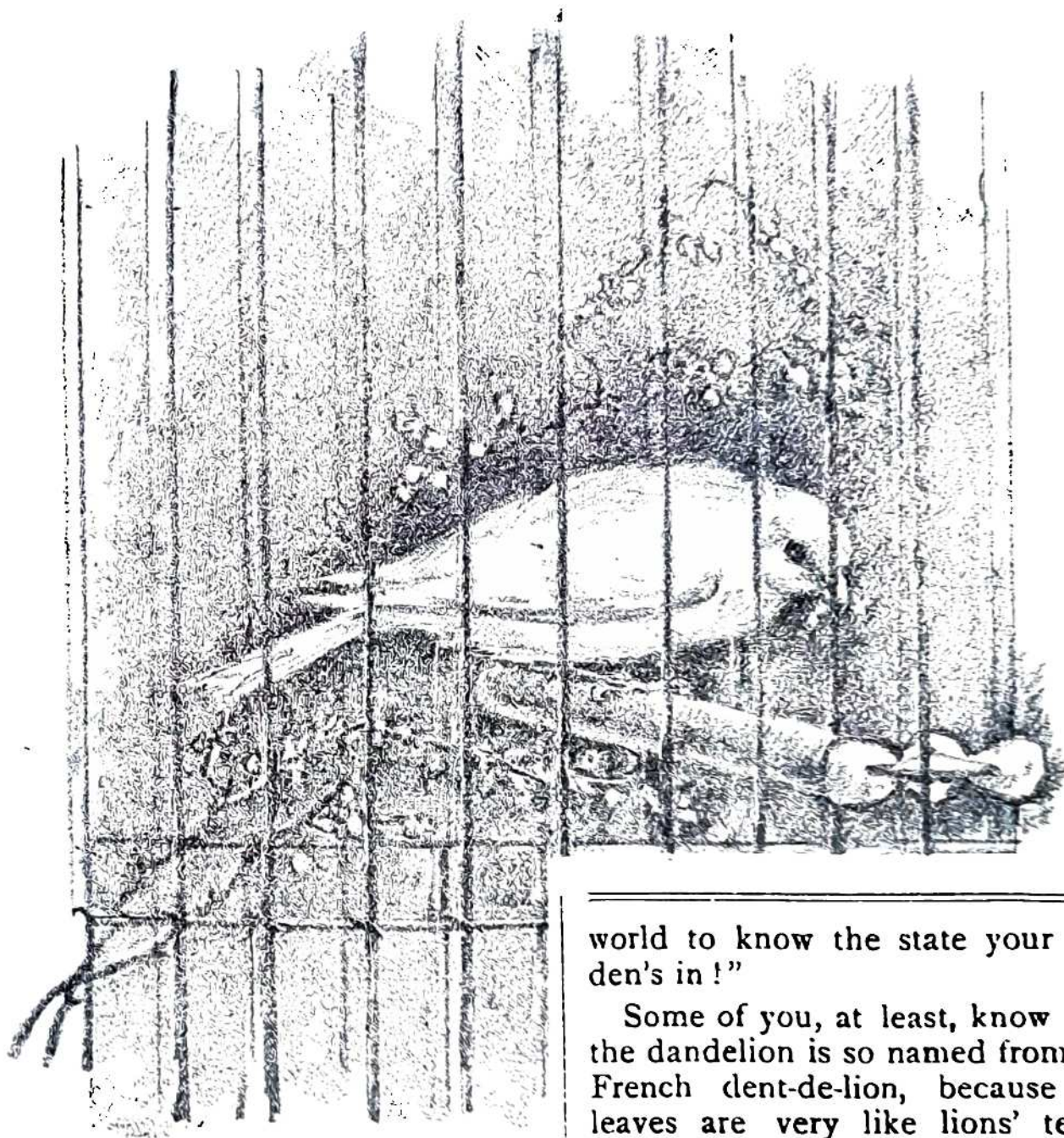
Selah.

SELAH is the name of our new five-months-old canary. We called him so chiefly because it is a Bible word, and one likes to join every member of one's household with oneself in the highest things as far as one can, to give them, in the touching words of Ezra, "if only for a little moment a nail in our God's holy place, and a little reviving in their bondage." We chose the name partly also because, like his prototypes, he had the curious habit of coming in with his sweet and gentle little note at the end of a verse now and again, in an irresponsible kind of way, when we were singing a psalm at family worship; and, further, we didn't quite know the meaning of what he said, or all that was involved in it. None but its Maker and our Father, and perhaps His and their Angels know the thoughts and feelings that are in the twitterings and songs and selahs of little birds, but doubtless He listens and remembers, as they sing, "with delectation."

But this I know, that Selah is a little gentleman. He gets, of course, the ordinary seeds and infallible mixtures that all canaries get, and perhaps, too, an undue supply of the weeds they love, the weeds one sees by every roadside and nestling at the foot of every wall. Our garden is singularly rich in these, and in all other things—thanks to Eve and Adam and, most of all, ourselves for that—that no garden ought to have. Our dandelions, and chickweed, and groundsel, are

of the choicest brands and flavours, while our "rats'-tails" are the best the king's highway can produce. All these, with lettuces, our little Selah gets like the singers in the days of Zerubbabel and Nehemiah who got their portions "as every day required." But I have noticed this—he takes each blade or seed with equal thankfulness, just as it comes in turn, not picking this and that first, and then that which is worse. You know how cats do? They look at their milk, "new come in," and their porridge, and no matter how free of knots it be, they turn from it with disdainful eyes, and wander about querulously for an hour or two in the hope of getting fish; ay, vain hope! But Selah, who has a soul above cats and all their ways, and desires nothing better than to be far away from them, sets to at once to his breakfast and lunch and dinner and tea and supper and whatever other names he has for his unceasing intermediate meals of herbs, whatever herb it be, with a contented, and more than a contented, a thankful, gladsome singing heart. Now if he chose one fruit rather than another, he knows that one might have to put oneself about to get some special kind, to go, for example, 200 yards for a rat's tail in a day of wind and rain and extra-heavy work, when one could gather chickweed by the square foot in every row of vegetables and every bed of flowers one cultivates. Therefore I know he is a little gentleman, though some perhaps might say he is only taking a kind but clever way of reproving one, as if he were to





say, "Would it not be better to pluck out the thousand stalks of groundsel that are in that so-called garden of yours, than the single rat's-tail in that far distant public thoroughfare? Faithful, I have heard you read, are the wounds of a friend; and I wouldn't like the

world to know the state your garden's in!"

Some of you, at least, know that the dandelion is so named from the French *dent-de-lion*, because its leaves are very like lions' teeth. Well, one day lately when I was looking for something for Selah, I found a remarkably beautiful specimen of a dandelion's head—children used to call it "what's-o'clock"—and I may say with Samson—you know the story of course?—that out of the eater came forth meat, out of the strong came forth sweetness, for I got some lessons out of the lion's mouth.

A lesson about beauty to begin with. The first chance you get, take a good look at the round globe-shaped head with its silky whiteness and its many gleaming stars, and ask yourselves if you ever saw anything more beautiful. Then slowly take the little globe to pieces, and you may find as in the one from which this picture was made over 200 lovely parachutes, with dark brown thickish ends which fit exactly into a thing like the top of a thimble crowded



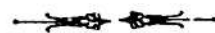
with little holes, or sockets, most exquisitely finished and arranged. The thick ends I have mentioned are the seeds, and the parachutes are for wafting them away whithersoever the wind listeth. In one of these parachute ends I have counted with the naked eye 'over fifty little threads as light as gossamers; how many threads may spring again from these in turn only a microscope could show, and perhaps not even it. I think if you look for yourselves you will see in each of these big globes a little world of beauty.

Now, why does God spend so much wisdom, power, and love in

making weeds? Perhaps He does it to make us see how fruitful the soil is, and how eager the ground is to bring forth life of some kind or another. Perhaps He does it to compel us to delve and hoe and clean the ground more diligently than we do. But, further, we may be sure that in the plant itself there is something good, and very good, some quality beyond all those that skilful herbalists have already found. Where there is so much beauty there must be many gracious purposes and uses that as yet are undiscovered, unrevealed. Men have already found medicines in these plants, and made broths of them that have helped

“The chemic labour of the blood.”

Fifty years hence, or ten, or five, wise men may find in these little rockets, “Fledged as it were with Mercury’s ankle-wing,” sent up and then let down from heaven, ascending and descending Angels, answers to great questions, and solutions of big difficulties, that have puzzled men for ages, and they will wonder why you and I did not see the marvels and the blessings that were lying to our hands and staring at us all the time.



“Thy Way was in the Sea.”

Blessed is he that considereth the poor.—Ps. 41, 1.

The terror of God was upon them, and they did not pursue after the Sons of Jacob.—Gen. 35, 5.

WHEN Commodore, afterwards Lord, Nelson was returning from Elba, February 1797, in the

frigate *Minerve* to rejoin the fleet of Sir John Jervis, after a voyage full of incident and adventure, he was chased through the Straits of Gibraltar by two Spanish men-of-war larger and stronger and swifter than his own. One of these, it was evident, was fast making up on him, and Nelson began to clear for action. To a soldier friend who was on board his ship he said, "We shall likely have to fight, but before the Dons get hold of that bit of bunting"—pointing to the ensign—"I will have a struggle with them, and sooner than give up the frigate I'll run her ashore." Just then the officers' dinner was announced, and Nelson's friend, a Colonel Drinkwater—a fine name for either a soldier or a sailor or for a man who is neither one nor the other—went below, and was congratulating a Lieutenant Hardy, an officer who had been captured through no fault of his own and then released in exchange for a Spanish officer—the same man to whom eight years after when he was dying at Trafalgar Nelson said with his latest breath, "Kiss me, Hardy"—when the cry "Man overboard!" was heard. The next moment Col. Drinkwater, who had run to the stern windows, saw a boat with Hardy in it, already lowering to save the man. But the man could not be found, and Hardy's boat, having signalled to that effect turned to pull after the *Minerve*. The situation had now become a very trying one, for the Spaniard was now almost within gunshot, and Nelson must either face and fight it or lose the lieutenant and his crew.

It was evident that the boat could not overtake the frigate unless the latter slackened speed, and every moment that passed made that step more perilous, for his pursuer was already overhauling him. "I'll not lose Hardy!" exclaimed Nelson. "Back the mizzen topsail!" It was a dangerous manœuvre, worse than putting on the brake when a train is running at full speed, but it checked the ship's way. The boat was soon alongside, and the men in her scrambled on board.

And then there happened a very curious and unexpected thing. The enemy did not know what had happened, but, seeing Nelson suddenly slowing down, imagining that he had caught sight of some British ships coming from the westward to his aid, stopped also to let the other ship come up on him. Meantime Nelson went on his way, and after more adventures joined Admiral Jervis two days afterwards, and on the 14th had no small share in helping him to win the great fight at Cape St. Vincent, 150 miles north-west of Cadiz, in which 22 British ships beat 27 Spanish ones.

Now remember 1. that God likes to see men kind, and 2. that He likes to see them courageous, and 3. that He has marvellous ways of helping those on whose side He is: marvellous and mysterious ways! One cannot help asking why the poor sailor was not saved, but God will explain that, too, when the sea gives up its dead and the "books are opened."



Two Brothers at the Front.

Reasons for not going to Church. 16th Series.—No. 10.

"The folks at home will all be in the kirk now, and the minister will just be saying, 'Let us pray'; and we're no there, Archie. I wonder if they are thinking of us."

1	TH	I say unto one, Go, and he goeth. "The ordeal of battle is not needed to see if soldiers are good. If you find them careful of their uniform and arms, saluting their officers respectfully, you may unhesitatingly put yourself at their head."— <i>A Staff-officer's Journal: Comte D'Herisson.</i>
2	F	And to another, Come, and he cometh;
3	S	And to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it.— <i>Luke 7, 8.</i>
4	S	Hast not Thou made an hedge about him?— <i>Job 1, 10.</i> "The ear is a false guide in the computation of passing shot. It seems to any young soldier, guided by the sound of the rushing missiles, that nowhere betwixt them, however closely he may draw in his limbs, can there be room for him to stand unscathed."— <i>Kinglake.</i>
5	M	He shall give His Angels charge over thee.— <i>Ps. 91, 11.</i>
6	TU	Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle.— <i>Ps. 140, 7.</i>
7	W	He shall cover thee with his pinions:
8	TH	His truth is a shield and buckler.— <i>Ps. 91, 4 R. V.</i>
9	F	Thou hast beset me behind and before.— <i>Ps. 139, 5.</i>
10	S	He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye.— <i>Zech. 2, 8.</i>
11	S	Jesus went out into a mountain to pray,
12	M	And continued all night in prayer to God.— <i>Luke 6, 12.</i>
13	TU	We made our prayer, and set a watch.— <i>Neh. 4, 9.</i>
14	W	Helping by prayer.— <i>2 Cor. 1, 11.</i> "The General is a great man for praying," said his negro servant Jim; "he pray night and morning, all times. But when I see him get up several times in the night, and go off and pray, den I know there is going to be something, and I go right away and pack his haversack."— <i>Col. Henderson's Life of "Stonewall" Jackson.</i>
15	TH	Strive with me in your prayers,
16	F	For the love of the Spirit.— <i>Rom. 15, 30.</i>
17	S	And being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly.— <i>Luke 22, 44.</i>
18	S	The Lord maketh inquisition for blood.— <i>Ps. 9, 12.</i>
19	M	Evil shall hunt the violent man.— <i>Ps. 140, 11.</i>
20	TU	The wicked are like the troubled sea.— <i>Is. 57, 20.</i>
21	W	There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. "Do you suppose that when I wake at night I have not my bad moments?"— <i>Napoleon to Gen. Gourgaud at St. Helena.</i>
22	TH	A certain fearful looking for of judgment.— <i>Heb. 10, 27.</i>
23	F	Is this the man that made the earth to tremble?
24	S	Thou art cast forth, clothed with the slain.— <i>Is. 14, 9-20. R. V.</i>
25	S	Perfect through sufferings.— <i>Heb. 2, 10.</i>
26	M	In your patience ye shall win your souls.— <i>Luke 21, 19, R. V.</i>
27	TU	Moab hath been at ease from his youth,
28	W	And hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel.— <i>Jer. 48, 11.</i>
29	TH	Let us rejoice in our tribulations.— <i>Rom. 5, 3, R. V.</i>
30	F	Tribulation worketh patience; and patience, probation;
31	S	And probation, hope. In 1804, Villeneuve (French Admiral) said: "Our squadrons appeared very fine in port, but when a storm came, all was changed. They were not drilled in storms." Nelson said of them: "These gentlemen are not used to the hurricanes which we have braved 21 months without losing mast or yard."

The Morning Watch.

VOL. 27.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 11.

"Out of the mouth of Babes."

Ps 8, 2.



Elder Sister: "And how high can these Zeppelins go?"

Brother: "Miles!"

Younger Sister: "But our prayers can go higher than that!"

The MORNING WATCH Volume for 1914 will be ready, if all is well, by the 20th of November. Price, One Shilling.

The Morning Watch.

Volumes 1 to 15, 1888-1902, are out of print, but Volumes 16 to 26, 1903-1913, may still be had.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

Greenock: James M'Keivie & Sons, Ltd.

Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.

*London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

*Sing unto the Lord a new song,
ye that go down to the sea —*

Is. 42, 10.

THIRTEEN months ago the whole world, which had not yet ceased talking about the loss of the *Titanic*, was rejoicing over the story of the *Volturno*. On the very morning of the day on which President Woodrow Wilson of the United States gave the signal for the clearing away of the last obstruction that blocked the Panama Canal, ten great steamships, German, French, British, American, summoned from their various paths by Marconi telegrams, were gathered in Mid Atlantic round a ship that was on fire, with 700 souls on board, men, women, and children. It had been a stormy night, and so rough was the sea that the vessels which had come to the *Volturno's* help were unable to come close enough. Then, you may remember, the *Narragansett*, laden with oil, came up, and pouring

out her cargo like an unction from the Holy One, stilled the raging sea, so that all who were still on board were saved.

It looked as if the Millennium had come, as if Heaven itself had come down to earth, and there was to be no more sea. One felt that nations that had once tasted how good and how pleasant it was for brethren to dwell together in unity, could never fight again. The joy of that experience seemed to make war impossible. The forbidding sea had become the Palace of the Great King, and if the old law still held good no weapon could ever be drawn against each other by those who had been His fellow-guests. How could they who had drunk the cup of the Lord together drink the cup of devils?

And now the sea, which is His, for He made it, has become once more a place not only of horror, but of horrors formerly undreamt of. In old old maps one can still see in those parts of the Ocean that were unexplored drawings of hideous creatures, fearful to behold, marked MONSTRA, creatures existing only in imagination.

But now there are monsters that are real, traversing the paths that hitherto were known only to the fishes that God has made, and for one moment they rear their worse than serpent heads to take one other look at their unsuspecting prey before they give them the deadly wound that shall send them to their doom, and while one ship is sinking, the others that come hastening to

save its drowning crews are themselves in turn overwhelmed in the deep.

It is all so unseamanlike. For in all ages the sailor in all his ways has been as simple, honest, open, as a child, even eager to give all he has and even part with life itself, to save a brother in distress.

And oh ! how unlike Christ Who, when He walked upon the waters and the disciples cried out for fear, talked with them, and said, "Be of good cheer : it is I ; be not afraid."

"And one said to the man clothed in linen, which was upon the waters of the river, How long shall it be to the end of these wonders?"

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 112.)

85th
Birth-
day.

Sir Henry Holland, Bart., Sydney Smith's son-in-law, was a fashionable London physician who resolved, they say, not to let his professional income exceed £5,000 a year—a resolution which most of us, if we dared to make it, would find very hard to break. His leisure, and he had much, he spent in study and travel. His last excursion was to Russia ; on his way back he attended Marshal Bazaine's trial at Versailles for surrendering the fortress of Metz, returned to London next day, and died the day after on his 85th birthday, 27 Oct., 1873.

The medicine he was fondest of recommending to his patients was—"A frequent half-hour of genial conversation."

86th

Sixteen months ago, a Mr. William Gosling, of Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, who had rung in the belfry of the parish church for seventy-three years, celebrated his 86th birthday by joining with the other ringers in the Sabbath peals for the morning and evening services.

The late Captain Scott of Antarctic fame tells us in his book on the Voyage of the *Discovery* that when his men and he were pulling sledges they "learnt to distinguish between the strong and the weak, and what was of more importance, between the willing and the lazy." "The Bo'sin," he adds in another place, "has been pulling just behind me, and in some sympathy that comes through the traces I have got to know all about him. He has been suffering agonies in his back, yet he has never uttered a word of complaint, and when he knows my eye is on him he straightens up and pretends he is just as fit as ever." So on that 3rd of August, 1913, I have no doubt a man with a critical ear might have been able to say he could tell that one of the players was a feeble old man with a slightly uncertain, sense of time, but an Angel, accustomed to the music of the bells on the High Priest's robe, could have said, without looking at the players "There is some one pulling to-day whose heart is very full of love to

86th
Birth-
day.

God." For love is of God, and it cannot be hid, and a thrill would pass along the ropes that the very bell itself would feel and answer to.

To be a church bellringer is a high vocation. Every toll is a cry to people, "Behold, the Bridegroom." And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

Now, if ever there was a man whose name might seem to shut him out from having any lot or part in a concourse of sweet sounds, it was one with such a name as Gosling, for a gosling is a goose, and a goose's note is a cackle or a hiss. Yet, as it was the voices of the Geese in the temple of Juno that wakened Manlius and saved the Capitol of Rome when the Gauls invaded Italy 2,300 years ago, so the sound of Mr. Gosling's bell with its voice of thanksgiving and its call to prayer may touch an ear that the sermon of many a silver-tongued or golden-mouthed orator has missed.

Boys sometimes ring door-bells and then run away. But it is neither a kindly nor a clever thing to do. It deceives, it startles, it annoys; it gives people, especially the old and ailing, a lot of pain and trouble. And it tempts the strong to say and do things unadvisedly. No, it isn't clever. And it isn't brave.

87th

In 1799 the Rev. John Mill, Shetland, (see *The Morning Watch* for July, p. 100) wrote in his Diary: "Through the tender mercies of a good and gracious God, I am enabled at the age of 87 years, to keep my tours to the north parish without interruption to this month of Feb., when such storms of snow arose that I was kept from preaching two Sabbaths successively at my nearest church, and great numbers of sheep through the whole parish were smothered in the snow; though, at same time, the snow lying so long and wasting gradually away will be of great value to the land." Later in the year he writes: "The war continues with France, and the nation groans under a heavy load of Taxes to support the same . . . Reading Capt'n. Cook's Voyages. In Owhyhee (Hawaii), where Capt'n. Cook lost his life in 1779, in attempting to recover a pinnacle the inhabitants had carried off, there are reckoned 150,000 inhabitants and as many more in the other isles as amount to 400,000 in all—a large field for Christian missionaries."

In 1890 an old man of 93, who had heard Mr Mill preach eighty-six years before, remembered that he addressed his congregation thus: "Ye sinners of Cunningsburgh." Mr Mill had £50 a year, and when a friend urged him to seek an augmentation of stipend, he replied, "Hoot, man, I have more than I deserve."

In 1887 Robert Browning was asked by a friend to write a greeting for the 87th birthday, Oct. 3, of George Bancroft, the American historian and diplomatist. "I have chosen a short metre," he wrote, "with a view to saving your charges for cable despatch!" This was the message:

87th
Birth-
day.

"Bancroft, the message-bearing wire
Which flashes my 'All Hail!' to-day
Moves slower than the heart's desire
That, what hand pens, tongue's self might say."

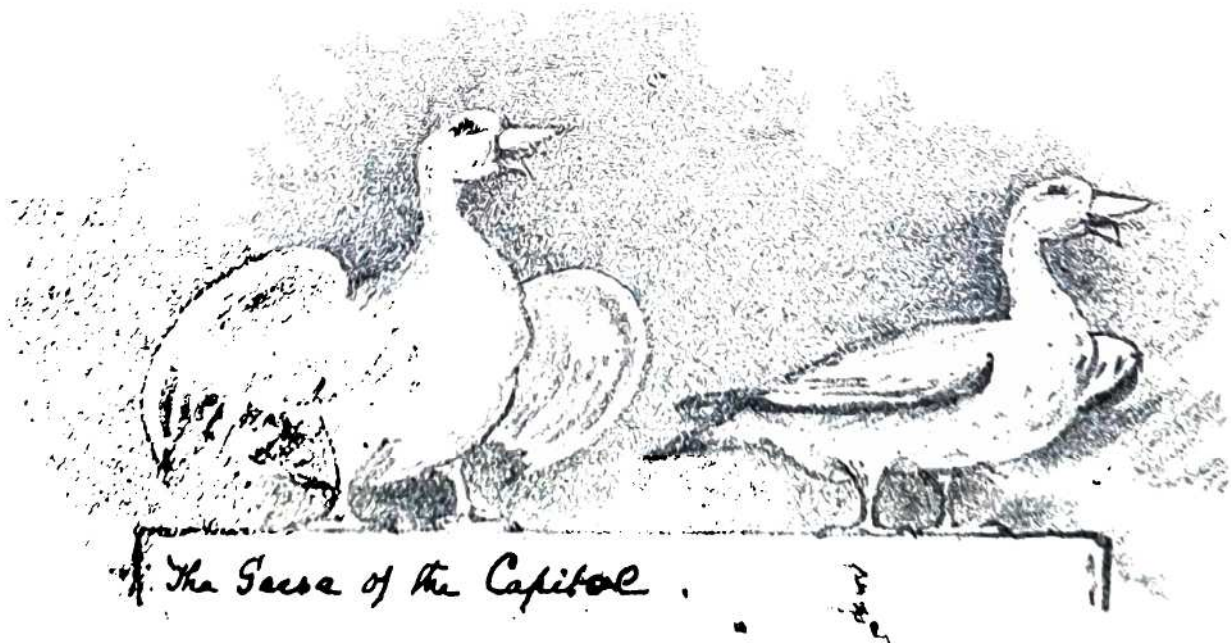
That is, I do wish I could see you and speak to you, face to face, the 'All hail' which I am now writing with ink and pen.

A cable-message can now be sent to the United States for one shilling per word, or, under certain conditions, 4½d per word, but in those far off days the rates were very much higher.

On Dec. 29, 1896, Mr Gladstone wrote: "My long and tangled life this day concludes its 87th year. My father died four days short of that term. I know of no other life so long in the Gladstone family, and my profession has been that of politician, or, more strictly, minister of State, an extremely short-lived race when their scene of action has been in the House of Commons, Lord Palmerston being the only complete exception. In the last twelve months my eyes and ears may have declined, but not materially. The occasional contraction of the chest is the only inconvenience that can be called new. . . . The blessings of family life continue to be poured in the largest measure upon my unworthy head. Even my temporal affairs have thriven. Still old age is appointed for the gradual loosening and succeeding snapping of the threads. I visited Lord Stratford when he was, say, 90 or 91 or thereabouts. He said to me, 'It is not a blessing.'"

"This," adds Mr. Gladstone's biographer, "is the last entry in the diaries of seventy years."

One has known some very aged people, great sufferers, who would have spoken better and more wisely than Lord Stratford did.





November's Offering

The Cossacks.

A FEW days ago an old man who took part in the Crimean War 60 years ago and wears, with other decorations, a medal for Sebastopol, said to me—"And to think that my old enemy the Russians are now our friends!"

Yes, it is very strange indeed that we, who as a nation have often prayed that God would cut in sunder the spears of the Cossacks and cast their horses into a dead sleep, are now praying for them that God would teach their hands to war, and by their means bring us and our Allies a great deliverance.

The spears or lances of modern cavalry regiments are from $8\frac{1}{2}$ to 11 feet long. Two or three centuries ago they were 4 or 5 feet longer. To this latter type, I imagine, belong the spears of the two men in the picture. To a soldier amongst ourselves it is a great day when he first puts on his uniform, and a still greater when he gets a rifle. So a Cossack must laugh and say aha! like leviathan in the Book of Job when he first sees the glittering spears, and the longer it is the prouder he will look. Yet, in one way, the length of his spear recalls his shame. "His honour rooted in dishonour stood" And this is how.

No one could ever say a word against the courage of the Cossack, his skill in horsemanship, his prowess in war, his impetuous charge in battle, or his patience in long marches through snowy plains and over barren desert lands and frozen mountain tops. There are many

stories, too, of his contentedness and gentleness. But, as of all armies, and not least our own at times, there have been sad tales of his dreadful drunkenness. And so it came to pass that once at Nijni-Novgorod, when a well-known English scholar, traveller, and divine asked the daughter of the Governor there why it was the Cossack, who was guarding a little wooden bridge, carried so very long a spear, she was forced to tell him that it was to keep him from ever going into an inn for drink, because the inns in that country were so small that a spear could not be taken inside, and it was a crime to leave it outside, for a Cossack on duty must never be parted from his weapon. In our country, alas! the landlords would easily surmount a difficulty like that. They would enlarge the door and treble the size of the room, and then the magistrates, to judge by some I have known, would boast of the improvement in the ventilation of their public houses and rejoice in the hearty co operation with which the members of The Trade had worked with the authorities in improving, at very great cost, the sanitary conditions of their premises; and when the licence-holders, believing, and shuddering at the thought, that greater restrictions might be laid on them and a worse thing befall them, offered to close their places an hour or two earlier for a few weeks, the magistrates would congratulate the licence-holders on their patriotism, and on the laudable disinterestedness they had shown, a spirit which they only wished some self-seeking, restless,

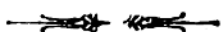
Cossack Horsemen.



narrow-minded teetotalers in their midst would strive to emulate, etc., etc.

If there is any man in all the world who needs not only a clear head and a steady hand, but clean hands and a pure heart—and drinking opens the door to every kind of sin—it is the man who goes forth to battle, to do God's work, and perchance to die. We should pray, therefore, that every Cossack's spear, and every soldier's rifle, and every officer's sword, may be in every sense of the word "the rod of God" in his hand.

But it will be a far greater day when the rod of God becomes a shepherd's staff again, and every Cossack will beat his spear into a pruning hook, and the nations shall learn war no more.



Councils of War.

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.—Ps. 27, 14.

WHEN a Commander, whether by sea or land, wishes to fortify his judgment in a time of doubt or difficulty, he sometimes calls a meeting of his senior officers, and this is known as a Council of War. But so apt are men to hesitate if their leader shows his mind is not made up, it has become a proverb that "Councils of War never fight." A Commander, therefore, in most nations is enjoined to use his own

discretion in the last resort. He may ask his officers' opinions, and when he does so, he must put what they say on record, but he is free after that to do what he likes himself. In the Russian Army and Navy, however, says Commander Wladimir Semenoff in his book, *The Reckoning*, they have a different rule. If an Admiral or a General summons a Council, he is bound to support "the most courageous opinion," without reference to the number of votes recorded for it.

When General Zachary Taylor, afterwards President of the United States, was face to face with the Mexican Army, who far outnumbered his troops, in 1847, he called a Council of War. Its members were unanimous against fighting. But when they had given their opinion, he simply said, "I dismiss this Council till after the battle"—which he fought and won.

Sometimes a timid commander has been overborne by the officers under him. In 1680, for instance, a ship called the "Swallow," 40 men, 8 guns, found a pirate ship, with 60 men and 20 guns, off the Island of Hispaniola, or Hayti, in the West Indies. The Swallow's captain called up his men and said, "Gentlemen, the blades we are to attack are men-at-arms, old Buccaneers, and superior to us in number and in the force of their ship, and I would have your opinion whether——."

He got no further, however, for his lieutenant—afterwards known as Sir John Berry, interrupted him, and said, "Sir, we are men-at-arms

too, and what is more, honest men, and we fight under the King's commission, and if you have no stomach for fighting, be pleased to walk down into your cabin." Whereupon the Swallow's people joined battle with the pirates, captured their ship, and killed all her crew but seven, who lived to be hanged later on in Jamaica, and lost none of their own number save one.

So, too, on May 16, 1811, at Albuera in Spain, General Beresford, who was opposed by the French Marshal Soult, had already ordered his men to retreat, when Colonel Hardinge, afterwards Governor-General of India, said to him, "You have got, sir, a court-martial on the one hand, and a peerage on the other."

"I will go for the peerage," said Beresford, and himself counter-

manded his own order, and won a famous victory.

When therefore God says to us in the hour of difficulty, "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown," we must not hesitate or confer with flesh and blood, but say with the man who wrote the 119th Psalm:

"I did not stay, nor linger long,
As those that slothful are;
But hastily Thy laws to keep
Myself I did prepare."

Go on in God's Name, and in God's strength "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

God loves brave men, but as for "the fearful," that is, the cowardly who deliberately turn their backs on Him, they shall have no part with Him here or hereafter.

Reasons for not going to Church. 16th Series.—No. 11.

This young soldier was greatly lifted up an hour ago when an old schoolmaster, passing him, quoted the lines,

"To the Sentinel

That hour is regal when he mounts on guard."

And he was even more pleased when, near the close of his two-hours' spell of sentry-go, he overheard an old gentleman say to his daughter, "See how erect and motionless that man stands! Isn't it fine?"

And then the young lad said to himself—"Ay, and to think that during the whole of last July my brother and I only went once to church, because the old minister who was exchanging with ours for a month kept us standing on our feet for 12 minutes at the first prayer!"



1	S	Let patience have her perfect work.— <i>Jas. 1, 4.</i>
2	M	Continue steadfastly.— <i>Col. 4, 2. R.V.</i> "The foot-drill seems utterly useless at first, but after two or three days you feel it is doing some good. The first drill resembles the German goose-step, only, the legs are not lifted so high, and we have to keep the toes pointing downwards."— <i>Letter from a Private in the Scots Guards: 4th Oct., 1914.</i>
3	TU	In due season we shall reap.— <i>Gal. 6, 9.</i>
4	W	They go from strength to strength.— <i>Ps. 84, 7.</i>
5	TH	After two days will He revive us.— <i>Hos. 6, 2. R.V.</i>
6	F	On the third day He will raise us up.
7	S	Let us know, let us follow on to know the Lord.
8	S	I am shut up, and I cannot come forth.— <i>Ps. 88, 8.</i>
9	M	I cried with my whole heart.— <i>Ps. 119, 145.</i>
10	TU	Bring my soul out of prison.— <i>Ps. 142, 7.</i> "I knew wherever I was that you thought of me, and if I got into a tight place, you would help me out of it if alive."— <i>Gen. Sherman to Gen. Grant in the American Civil War.</i>
11	W	Thou hast considered my trouble.— <i>Ps. 31, 7. R.V.</i>
12	TH	Thou hast known my soul in adversities.
13	F	Thou hast not shut me up into the hand of the enemy.
14	S	Thou hast set my feet in a large room.
15	S	They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.— <i>Is. 40, 31.</i>
16	M	Songs of deliverance.— <i>Ps. 32, 7.</i> "How gloriously did the 92nd come forth again to charge, colours flying, pipes playing, as if going to a review. This was to understand war. The man who immediately after a repulse thought of such military pomp was by nature a soldier."— <i>Napier's Peninsular War.</i>
17	TU	In the Name of our God we will set up our banners.— <i>Ps. 20, 7.</i>
18	W	As the men of Judah shouted God smote Jeroboam.— <i>2 Chron. 13, 15.</i>
19	TH	The shout of a King is among them.— <i>Numb. 23, 25.</i>
20	F	When I fall, I shall rise.— <i>Micah 7, 8.</i>
21	S	More than conquerors.— <i>Rom. 8, 37.</i>
22	S	Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might.— <i>Jer. 9, 23.</i>
23	M	I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and the prudence of the prudent will I reject.— <i>1 Cor. 1, 19. R.V.</i>
24	TU	The counsel of the wisest counsellors of Pharaoh is become brutish.— <i>Is. 19, 11. R.V.</i>
25	W	None of the men of might have found their hands. <i>Ps. 70, 5.</i> After the Peace of Utrecht in 1713, the French Marshal Villars sent a deputation to compliment Marlborough on his victories in Flanders. "The secret of my success," he answered, "was simply this—I made a hundred blunders; my adversaries made a hundred and one."
26	TH	Is counsel no more in Teman? is their wisdom vanished?— <i>Jer. 40, 7.</i>
27	F	For that thine arrogance is come up into Mine ears, I will put My hook in thy nose.— <i>2 Kings 19, 28. R.V.</i>
28	S	That no flesh should glory in His presence.— <i>1 Cor. 1, 29.</i>
29	S	Imitate their faith.— <i>Heb. 13, 7.</i> "Better a herd of deer led by a lion, than a herd of lions led by a deer."— <i>Greek Proverb.</i>
30	M	Lest his brethren's heart melt as his heart.— <i>Deut. 20, 8. R.V.</i>

December, 1914.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. 27.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 12.



"I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord!"—Gen, 49, 18.

NOW READY.

The Morning Watch Volume for 1914.

—o—

*Volumes 1 to 15, 1888-1902, are out of print,
but Volumes 16 to 26, 1903-1913, may still be had.*

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.

Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.

London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59
Ludgate Hill, E.C.

*Save Thy people; bless Thine
inheritance.—Ps. 28, 9.*

IF one were asked in what book one could find our strongest plea in asking God to be with Britain in this war, one might go, not to the Government Blue Book, comforting though it be, but to such a book as this year's brief popular report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, *In the Vulgar Tongue*. It is written by Mr. T. H. Darlow, M.A., and is, as always, a most charming little

volume. It is beautifully illustrated, and costs only 1/ post free. (The Bible House, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.)

From it we learn that the Society now issues the whole Bible in 112 languages, the New Testament in 223, and at least one Book of Scripture in 233 other languages.

This last year six new races have got a part of the Bible in their own tongue for the first time.

Every day just now we see and hear of men bravely going forth to fight for our country in a war that, please God, will be happily ended before you are old enough to take part in it. But here is an even greater war with Satan and the powers of darkness, for which, if God spare you, you will still be in time.

To translate, or to help to translate, the Bible into a new tongue is one of the noblest tasks the Holy Spirit can call any man or woman to. Will you not ask Him, if it be His will, to make you willing and fit to do that work and win a crown of glory that fadeth not away?

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 125.)

88th
Birth-
day.

"October 1, 1902. It seems a great age that I have attained to, 88, and yet at times I feel a buoyancy which seems almost youthful. Age, however, imposes its needful restrictions, and I strive to keep within them, and thank God for health and strength such as are vouchsafed—intelligence—the senses preserved—a real home of affection—*Laus Deo!*" (Praise be to God).—*Earl of Cranborn's Diary*. He kept his *Diary* till January, 1906, and died one month after closing his 92nd year.

89th
Birth-
day.

"I entered into the 90th year of my age," wrote John Mill of Shetland in his Diary, Feb. 23rd, 1801, "and may say with the good Patriarch Isaac, I know not the day of my death, yet desire, with good Job, to wait patiently God's best time, etc." What infinitude there is in that "etc"! Might one not say with all reverence that if all the things that are involved in it should be written every one, even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written?

A few months before he writes: "Our trade at present employs 10,000 vessels, and 120,000 seamen. Exports valued at 27 millions sterling. Imports at 21 millions sterling. Yet the kingdom is burdened with taxes, whereof great sums are given to powers on the Continent for carrying on war against the French; nay, so infatuated are our statesmen as to send armies to attack them there after several fruitless attempts lately at Holland and Ostend, to the great expense of our nation in blood and treasure, which we had no concern with while masters of the sea. . . . Imperial Parliament begins January 22, 1801. Malta is taken from the French, and General Abercromby goes there with an army, to fall on the French left in Egypt. The yellow fever rages at Cadiz in Spain, and, as a plague, sweeps off multitudes."

And then follows a passage that might have been written by an old Cameronian Minister: "'Tis said that the present King George, tho' one of the best Kings that ever were in Great Britain, is now to assume the title of King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and of the United Church of England and Ireland. On earth the title of Supreme Head, sacred Majesty, belong only to the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom all power in heaven and earth is given."

It is a good thing when parents and children have not only a sense of humour, but the same taste in humour, so that they can poke fun at one another and do it lovingly. I know a lady who has one specially distinguished son—I ought rather to say a famous son—a lady whose family name and features are known to all who have any acquaintance with the literature and art of Scottish Covenanted history, who on her 89th birthday, to her great amusement and delight, though she pretended to be very angry, received from her son a gift with these words from the Book of *Proverbs* on it: "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if—IF—IF it be found in the way of righteousness."

The lady has happily seen other birthdays since, and I am not without hope I may get leave to tell you some more about her.

90th

Richard Okes, Provost of King's College, Cambridge, for 38 years, was the 19th child of a family of twenty. He was born on Dec. 25, 1797, and died in 1888. In 1887, on his 90th birthday, the whole body of the Fellows of his College united in giving him a gift of books to which they added addresses in English and Latin verse. Here is part of one of those that were in English:

90th
Birth-
day.

Three generations of the lives of men,
Of scholars' generations three times ten—
And still your hand lifts high the golden flame
Of sacred knowledge, till to-day you hear
Our birthday homage to our Provost's name,
With ninefold honour for your ninetieth year.

The old gentleman's reply, we are told, consisted of a neat set of Latin hendecasyllables, a feat which very few of those who read this will ever be able to accomplish even though they should live to be a hundred !

On his 90th birthday, 27th September, 1895, George Müller, founder of the Orphan Homes at Bristol, told the friends who came with their good wishes to see him, that he attributed the very great happiness he had had for 69 years and ten months to two things : 1st, he had striven by God's grace to have a good conscience, not wilfully going on in any cause he knew to be contrary to the mind of God ; and 2ndly, he had been a lover of the Holy Scriptures. For a long time he had read the whole Bible, right through, four times every year, striving to apply it to his own heart by meditation and prayer.

In those days when we are all saying as much ill of Prussia as we can, it is good for us to be told that it was in that country this wonderful man was born. When he was a young lad he seems to have been about as bad as he could be. He stole money, for instance, more than once. When he was sixteen he was sent to jail for four weeks for defrauding the keeper of the hotel in which he had taken lodgings. But when he was twenty a fellow student took him one day to a prayer meeting that was held in the house of a Christian tradesman named Wagner. "Come as often as you like," said his kindly host, "house and heart are open to you." That was the first thing that impressed him, and the next was the kneeling down to pray of one of the company named Keyser, a man who was afterwards a Missionary of the London Bible Society in Africa. "This kneeling down," said Müller afterwards, "made a deep impression on me, for I had never before seen any one on his knees, nor had I ever myself prayed on my knees."

He died in 1898, having built in the course of his life five enormous houses for orphans which cost £115,000, all of which, as well as the £26,000 (that is £500 a week) needed annually, he got by voluntary contributions in answer to prayer. In all, he received during the seventy years of his active life £1,500,000, of which £250,000 went to missions and the circulation of the scriptures, the rest going to the feeding and training of 123,000 orphans whom he sent out into the world. When he died he left property valued at £160 9s 4d, of which £60 3s 4d was in money.

The two things that chiefly led him into the great work of his life were, first, the example of August Hermann Francke—a German—1663-1727, the man who, finding one day that he had the enormous sum of about £2 at his disposal, felt he was bound to do

90th
Birth-
day.

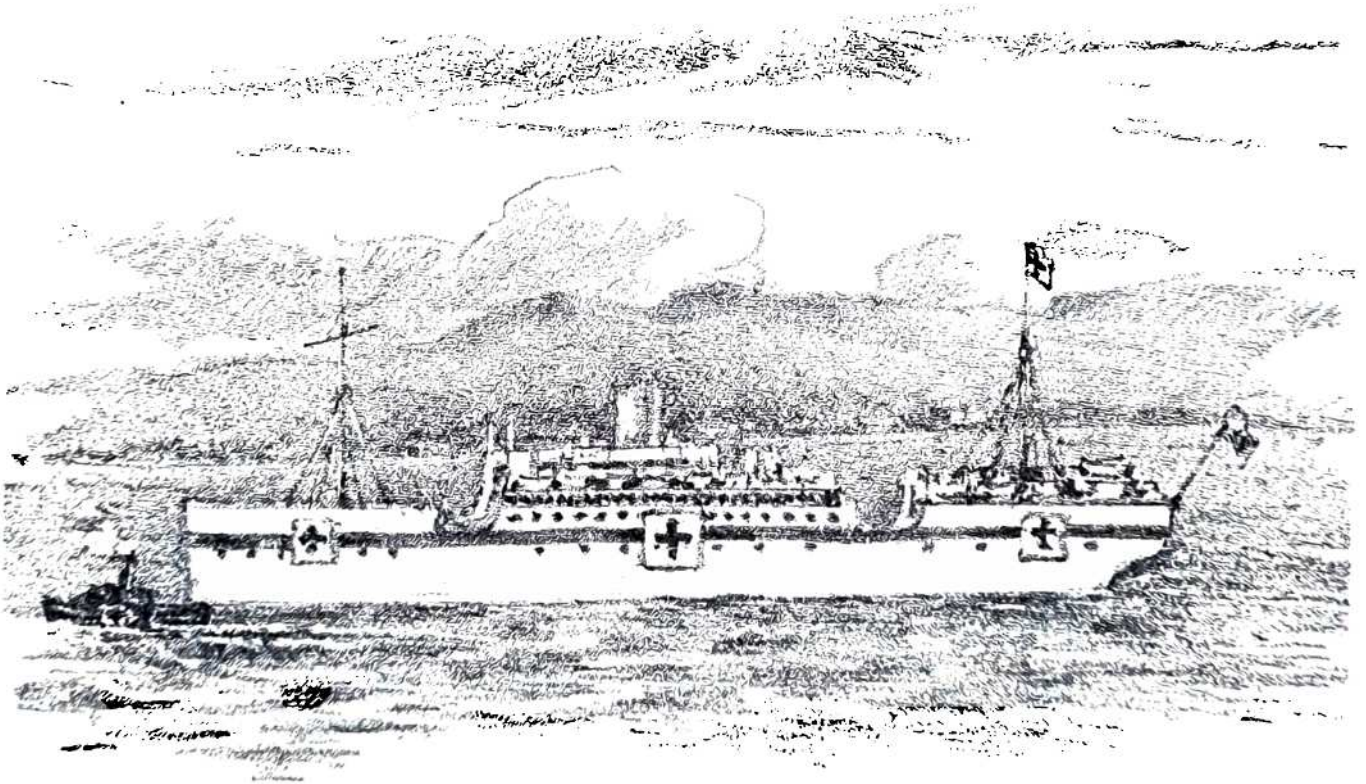
something good with it, and forthwith started a school for poor children ; and the second thing was that text in Ps. 68, "A father of the fatherless is God."

Between his 70th and 87th year Mr. Müller travelled over 200,000 miles, in 42 different countries, preaching the Gospel.

It was a word of Mr. Müller's that led Mr. Hudson Taylor to found the Chinese Inland Mission.

Old Thane. "Ugh ! Plots and feuds !
This is my ninetieth birthday. Can ye not
Be brethren ? Godwin still at feud with Alfgar,
And Alfgar hates King Harold. Plots and feuds !
This is my ninetieth birthday !"

Tennyson's Harold : Act 4, Scene 1.



The P.O. S.S. "Soudan", 6680 tons, British North Sea Hospital Ship.

*Blue Ensign, Paint the Funnel light yellow, Hull white
with broad green band, the Crosses red.*

Dead Soldiers.

*Because those that deceased are
Of Thee shall no remembrance
have ;*

*And who is he that will to Thee
Give praises lying in the grave?*

—Psalm 6, 5.

THE man who wrote these words had forgotten a good deal of the Old Testament that he had read; the story of Joseph's bones, for instance—how they bore witness for God for centuries in Egypt, and led the armies of Israel through the wilderness for forty years. And he had never read the story in 2 Kings 13, how a dead man who was cast into Elisha's grave came to life, and stood up on his feet, when his body touched the dead prophet's bones. And of course he had never read the New Testament, and did not know, as we do, how dear our bodies, as well as our spirits, are to Him Who died upon the Cross and lay in the grave and rose again for our sakes. If we are Christ's, our bodies, when we are dead, are still united to Him, as the Shorter Catechism beautifully tells us, and our Lord will guard them lovingly and use them wondrously. The history of our bodies between death and the resurrection will be one of the things we shall know about hereafter.

Tennyson, speaking of the friend of his youth, Arthur Hallam, takes pleasure from the thought that

*From his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.*

Soldiers in their letters tell us

how their dead comrades are sometimes piled up to serve as ramparts for their defence. That has been done in all ages. We read in *The Foresters* how Robin Hood, the outlaw, disguised like an old woman, said to the Sheriff who had taken away her little horse—"Eh, I would ha' given my whole body to the King had *he* asked for it, like the woman at Acre when the Turk shot her as she was helping to build the mound against the city. I ha' served the King living, says she, and let me serve him dead, says she; let me go to make the mound: bury me in the mound, says the woman."

It is on record that a wounded British officer at Waterloo, when he came out of a swoon, found he had been built up into a wall of corpses that had been raised as a breastwork for some regiment to fire over. Similar stories are told of this present war.

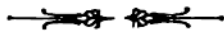
One of the things that have made Ostend great is the story of its siege by the Spaniards from 7th July, 1601, to 20th September, 1604. Towards the end of that time the Dutch found they had no earth left for the making of new works. They had scooped away everything in their perpetual digging. But there were plenty of graves, filled with the results of three years' fighting. And now not only were all the cemeteries within the precincts shovelled and carted away in mass to build new fortifications, but rewards being offered of ten stivers, or about ninepence, for each dead body, great

heaps of disinterred soldiers were piled into the new ramparts. "Thus," says Motley in his *History of the United Netherlands*, "these warriors, after laying down their lives for the cause of freedom, were made to do duty after death."

Whether that was a right thing to do or not, some, like the historian, might ask, and probably most people would think twice before they did it, but there can be doubt the godly dead themselves would reply, if they were asked, "By all means do it! You could not put higher honour on us."

I hope all of us, whether we are soldiers or not, will give ourselves to Christ, committing our bodies, as well as our spirits, to His keeping, asking Him to do with them and all else that belongs to us as seems best to Him. And so, whether we live or die, be buried or lie unburied, we shall be the Lord's.

But it must be very glorious to be working on earth and making history for God and man, even after we are dead.



The Forgotten Spectacles.

For a memorial.—Matt. 26, 13.

SOME weeks ago a friend showed me over the church in which he worships, and as we passed one of the seats, I said to him, "Some one has left his spectacles there last Sabbath."

"Do you know whom they belong to?" he said, and then answering his own question he added, "They

belong to a lady that's now in New Zealand. She went away some time ago to visit some friends she has there, and whether she means to come back or not I don't know, but I hope we may take it as a sign that she will be home again some day amongst us. And that's her cushion, too."

"But," I said, speaking unadvisedly as usual, "it was very stupid of her to leave her spectacles there."

I have been thinking over it since, and I can imagine some other reasons she may have had.

Perhaps the lady was getting one or two new pairs, and left them as Mr. Ready-to-halt in "Pilgrim's Progress" did his crutches for some one who might need them!

Perhaps she did not wish her memorial to perish out of Jerusalem, and left them as she wisely and kindly did the cushion, not only for others to use, but that she might still have a name and a place in God's house. And perhaps she left the spectacles especially to remind God that her eyes were still towards that holy temple where she had so often beheld His beauty and "inquired."

Perhaps God made her forget them to give her and her old friends a token that she would be back again and welcome back again, as He made the priests Ezekiel tells us of, chapter 42, leave the holy garments, wherein they ministered, in a certain place in His house to show them that that was their home as well as His, and that their

place was kept for them. Do we not like it when a friend whom we go to visit says—"And you are just to go to your old room," and adds when we are leaving, "Now, remember, your room is always ready for you"?

One thing I am sure of, the leaving of those spectacles was not

a case of "pure forget."

And this reminds me that after I had got home from this church of which I have been speaking. I found I had myself left one of my own pairs in it and had to go away back for them! "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."



The forgotten Spectacles.

Our Need of Humiliation.

But are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?—2 Chron. 28, 11.

DURING the Crimean War, and also during the Indian Mutiny, when Lord Aberdeen and Lord Palmerston agreed to the proposal that there should be a day of fasting and humiliation, the late Queen Victoria wrote strong letters on the subject, and it is evident that King George and his Secretary have been reading these and in some measure agreeing with them. For one thing, she thought the Archbishops, in choosing chapters and psalms for previous days of national prayer during the cholera time, had not chosen wisely. And that may or may not have been the case. Further, week days had been fixed on, and she thought Sabbath days would have been better.

But her greatest objection was to the name—Day of Humiliation. "Really, to say that the *great sinfulness of the nation* had brought about the Crimean War," she wrote in April, 1854, "when it was the selfishness and ambition of one man and his servants who had brought this about, while our conduct had been throughout actuated by unselfishness and honesty, would be too manifestly repulsive to the feelings of every one, and would be a mere act of hypocrisy. Let there be a prayer expressive of our great thankfulness for the benefits we have enjoyed and for the immense prosperity of this country, and en-

treating God's help and protection in the coming struggle. In this the Queen would join heart and soul. If there is to be a day set apart, let it be for prayer in this sense."

We know now that in what she said about the origin of that war the Queen was quite wrong. If there was any man to blame, it was not so much the proud Emperor Nicholas of Russia, as the still prouder Lord Stratford de Redcliffe the British Ambassador at Constantinople. But whether that be so or not, the Queen ought to have known that Britain more than most nations had need to humble itself before God.

Badly, shamefully, as Germany has behaved at this time in breaking treaties by which she was bound, our own country has not had clean hands in time past. The late Lord Wolseley, in speaking before a Parliamentary Committee about the dangers of a Channel Tunnel between France and England, pointed out how often in past history war had come almost without a moment's notice, as it were, "like a bolt from the bluest of blue skies," and asked, "Where in the history of the world do we hear of treaties being respected by any nation that had an interest in breaking them and felt itself strong enough to do so?"

And what shall we say when we come to speak of our dealings with God? When we think of the way we have broken our National Covenants and The Solemn League and Covenant, need we wonder that some of the best of our forefathers

spoke of our country continually as a covenant-breaking land?

Let us think, too, of the sins that accompany even such a war as the present one—the thoughtlessness, the pride, the boasting, the passion, the rage, the fury, and the madness, and the drunkenness, and all the other sins that go with these or flow from them.

No man that has ever seen the Gurkhas or has ever read about them can keep from regarding them with wonder and admiration. But as a nation, save for our missionaries and a few godly Civil servants here and there, what have we done to bring

them to Christ? And yet those men from whom we have hidden the way to everlasting life we unhesitatingly send forth to die! There is something overwhelming in that thought. Should we not be praying that the Holy Ghost Himself, the Spirit of all grace, Who works without us when we refuse to help Him, will in His Almighty love, even in the faintness and agony of death, teach these brave men how to look and turn unto the Unknown God?

“My God alone art Thou,
Teach me Thy righteousness:
Thy Spirit's good, lead me to
The land of uprightness.”

Reasons for not going to Church. 16th Series.—No. 12.

This man left his lodgings last July because “his old landlady refused to give him breakfast in bed on Sabbath, as she called Sunday, and insisted on his getting up not later than 10 o'clock.” She always went to Church herself, she said, and she had to tidy the house before going out, and she would keep no man as a lodger unless he went too. (Her warrant for this was Psalm 101.) There is no denying, he says, that she was the best landlady he ever saw or heard of. She darned his socks even better than his own mother did, and was so careful of his money that he would have been a millionaire in a few months if he had stayed on with her. But everybody knows that one of the greatest pleasures of Sunday was this, that you got lying in bed as long as you liked, and you didn't need to wash your face. And a man likes some liberty, and so he left.

He is now acting as cook for a squad of Kitchener's Army, and this Sabbath morning he had to rise at 5.15 to get breakfast ready by 8 o'clock. Church Parade at 9! and he has got to shave before that.



1	TU	Faint, yet pursuing.— <i>Judg. 8, 4.</i> (Said of Gideon's 300).
2	W	Neither did I turn again.— <i>Ps. 18, 37.</i> The Ashantees in 1874 nicknamed Sir Garnet Wolseley— <i>the man who would not stop.</i>
3	TH	The man will not rest until he have finished the thing.— <i>Ruth 3, 18.</i>
4	F	I have finished the course.— <i>2 Tim. 4, 7. R.V.</i>
5	S	Unto the end.— <i>Rev. 2, 26.</i>
6	S	Who then offereth willingly to consecrate himself this day?— <i>1 Ch. 29, 5. R.V.</i>
7	M	Jesus entered into one of the boats, which was Simon's.— <i>Luke 5, 3. R.V.</i>
8	TU	Without thy mind would I do nothing.— <i>Philem. 14. R.V.</i> "The wealthy owner of one of these launches wrote from his home to the Admiralty that he had a launch at Cowes which was at the Government's command if they required her. The reply he received was, "We have already taken her. Come and drive her."— <i>W. M'Clay in The Journal of Commerce.</i>
9	W	That thy goodness should not be as of necessity, but of free will.
10	TH	After him repaired Meremoth another piece.— <i>Neh. 3, 21.</i>
11	F	Yea, and beyond their power, willing of themselves.— <i>2 Cor. 8, 3.</i>
12	S	For he that hath, to him shall be given.— <i>Mark 4, 25.</i>
13	S	I, even I only, am left.— <i>1 Kings 19, 14.</i> "The first element of success in every assault is a constant pressure of support from behind. If any gap of even five minutes' duration occurs in that line of pressure, misfortune will probably ensue. It is that pressure from behind which gives confidence to those in front. Remember what a strain it is upon the nerves of poor weak human nature to be in that front rank."— <i>Lord Wolseley's Story of a Soldier's Life.</i>
14	M	No one took my part.— <i>2 Tim. 4, 16. R.V.</i>
15	TU	But the Lord stood by me.
16	W	God comforted us by the coming of Titus; <i>2 Cor. 7, 6.</i>
17	TH	Also by the comfort wherewith he was comforted in you.
18	F	He knoweth our frame.— <i>Ps. 103, 14.</i>
19	S	I have trodden the wine press alone.— <i>Is. 63, 3.</i>
20	S	He led them out lifted up His hands, and blessed them.— <i>Luke 24, 50.</i>
21	M	A time to embrace.— <i>Eccl. 3, 5.</i> "General Pakenham before riding away to lead the attack at Salamanca asked a shake of the Duke's hand. He gave it but with no relaxation from his accustomed frigidity."— <i>Lord Ellesmere's Reminiscences.</i>
22	TU	They brought us on our way.— <i>Acts 21, 5.</i>
23	W	We prayed, and bade each other farewell.— <i>R.V.</i>
24	TH	Be kindly affectioned one to another.— <i>Rom. 12, 10. R.V.</i>
25	F	The blessing of the Lord be upon you.
26	S	We bless you in the name of the Lord,— <i>Ps. 129, 8.</i>
27	S	God be merciful unto us,
28	M	And cause His face to shine upon us.— <i>Psalms 67.</i>
29	TU	That Thy way may be known upon earth.
30	W	Let all the people praise Thee.
		"Hope Smiles from the threshold of the year to come Whispering 'it will be happier.'"
31	TH	O LET THE NATIONS BE GLAD, AND SING FOR JOY.